

Elibris F. William (ook mo. t. 5 1. 1912. 4198 MUSCIPULA, sive Kambro-Myo-Maxia, curious front., with a Mousetrap, Figures of Welchmen, bringing forth a Mouse, Ass, Goat, Owl, &c., Lond., 1709.—Hoglandiæ Descriptio, cut of a hog on title, ib., 1709, and other Old Poems, in I vol. 8vo, kalf calf neat, 5s 6d.

The pamphlet is a clever jeu d'esprit in most classical Latin, by Dr. E. Holdsworth, containing a humorous description of the ravages of the Mice in the cheeses in Wales, with the invention of the Mousetrap, &c., &c. A Welchman, thinking his Country insulted by it, wrote Hoglandiae Descriptio, or a Description of Hogland, i.e. Hampshire, B. Holdsworth heims a Native of North Stoneham in that Dr. Holdsworth being a Native of North Stoneham, in that From the ditrary of the late Mr W. Bates of Birmingham, april 1886. Lot 45. From the Library of the late M 7 & Bailey of Manchester 26 June 1889 Lot 1143 1820 [Garth, Sir Samuel, F. R. C. P., Peterhouse, Camb.] The Dispensary. A poer in six cantos. London 1703. With copperplate, and interleaved with contemp. ms. notes, seemingly of the a uthor. 116 pp. Sd.
Ridiculing the opposition of the apothecaries and their allies to the scheme of out-patient rooms

Bought from Ludwig Rosenthal, Munich

Garthiwork alone using others had been separated from it.

The Sispensary.

141 The Apparition a

61 Museipula.

(e) Hoglandia.

There was no end cover but Francis Edwards of 33 High St. Marglebone had one put toit so that the book appears almost as it was. a.b.c. were the other books to our day with this The list is in the wind writing so the rest of the addiction





1820 [(

Bac

Ga

Empt. Ex...
Reparac: V.
Jahula iv.

It is From a letter re as it Garth to me list.

Sincerely yours,

Mosler



R Newton sculp

From the picture in the Cotteer of Obeginians

100 MS key to Despensory (216.) they 

Jun 1962

-

made on the cat. card of the 5th ed. of the Dispensary. Mr. Ellis (something of an authority) says that the handwriting is not Garth's - though the corrections therein are for the next ed. and have all been made in that ed I don't know whether any notation should be

Paid Brustont

only in book -

M



THE

## Dispensary.

A

## POEM.

In Six CANTO'S.

Quod licet, libet.

The FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON,

Printed: And Sold by John Nutt, near Stationers-Hall, 1703.

IHT

## Dispensary.

A

# POBM.

In Six CAINTON

and lices, Hor.

The Figgs Poirion.

LONDON.

Princed: And Sold by John Marts from

#### TO

### Anthony Henley, Esquire.

A Man of your Character can no more Prevent a Dedication, than he wou'd Encourage one; for Merit, like a Virgin's Blushes, is still most discover'd, when it labours most to be conceased.

"Tis hard, that to think well of you, shou'd be but Justice, and to tell you so, shou'd be an Offence: Thus rather than violate your Modesty, I must be wanting to your other Virtues; and to gratiste One good Quality, do wrong to a Thousand.

The World generally measures our Esteem by the Ardour of our Pretences; and will scarce believe that so much Zeal in the Heart, can be consistent with so much Faintness in the Expressions; but when they reslect on your Readiness to do Good, and your Industry to hide it; on your Passion to oblige, and your Pain to hear it own'd; They'll conclude,

### Dedication.

that Acknowledgments wou'd be Ungrateful to a Person, who ev'n seems to receive the

Obligations he confers.

But the I shou'd perswade my self to be silent upon all Occasions; those more Polite Arts, which, 'till of late, have Languish'd and Decay'd, wou'd appear under their present Advantages, and own you for one of their generous Restorers: Insomuch, that Sculpture now Breaths, Painting Speaks, Musick Ravishes; and as you help to resint Our Taste, you distinguish your Own.

Tour Approbation of this Poem, is the only Exception to the Opinion the World has of your Judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much, as what you Write your self: But you are resolved to forget to be a Critick, by remembring you are a Friend. To say more, would be uneasse to you, and to say less,

wou'd be unjust in

Your Humble Servant

Sam: Garth.

# PREFACE.

CInce this following Poem in a man-Iner stole into the World, I cou'd not be surpriz'd to find it uncorrect: Tho' I can no more fay I was a Stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approv'd of the Publisher's Precipitation in doing it: For a Hurry in the Execution, generally produces a Leisure in Reflection; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the oftnest. However, the Errors of the Printer have not been greater than the Candor of the Reader: And if I cou'd but fay the same of the Defects of the Author, he'd need no Justification against the Cavils of some furious Criticks, who, I am fure, wou'd have been better pleas'd if they had met with more Faults, applied the avyority ving

Their

Their Grand Objection is, That the Fury Disease is an improper Machine to recite Characters, and recommend the Example of present Writers: But tho' I had the Authority of some Greek and Latin Poets, upon parallel Instances, to justifie the Design; yet, that I might not introduce any thing that seem'd inconsistent or hard, I started this Objection my self, to a Gentleman very remarkable in this sort of Criticism, who wou'd by no means allow that the Contrivance was forc'd, or the Conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a Fury as well as Envy: She is imagin'd to be forc'd by an Incantation from her Recess; and to be reveng'd on the Exorcist, mortifies him with an Introduction of several Persons eminent in an Accomplishment He has made some Advances in.

Nor is the Compliment less to any Great Genius mention'd there; since a very Fiend, who naturally repines at any Excellency, is forc'd to confess how happily They've all succeeded.

Their

Their next Objection is, That I have imitated the Lutrin of Monsieur Boileau. I must own I am proud of the Imputation? unless their Quarrel be, That I have not done it enough: But he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copy'd him in nothing but in two or three Lines in the Complaint of Molesse, Canto II. and in one in his First Canto; the Sense of which Line is entirely his, and I cou'd wish it were not the only good One in mine.

I have spoke to the most material Objections I have heard of, and shall tell these Gentlemen, That for ev'ry Fault they pretend to find in this Poem, I'll undertake to shew them two. One of these curious Persons does me the Honour to say, He approves of the Conclusion of it; but I suppose 'tis upon no other Reason, but because 'tis the Conclusion. However, I shou'd not be much concern'd not to be thought Excellent in an Amusement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

2 Repu-

Reputation of this fort is very hard to be got, and very easie to be lost; its Purfuit is painful, and its Possession unfruitful: Nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the Animolities among the Members of the College of Phyficians encreasing daily (notwithstanding the frequent Exhortations of our Worthy President to the contrary) I was persuaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to Rally some of our disaffected Members into a sense of their Duty, who have hitherto most obstinately oppos'd all manner of Union; and have continu'd fo unreasonably refractory, that 'twas thought fit by the College, to reinforce the Observance of the Statutes by a Bond, which fome of them wou'd not comply with, tho' none of 'em had refus'd the Ceremony of the customary Oath; like some that will trust their Wives with any Body, but their Mony with None. I was forry to find there cou'd be any Constitution that was not to be cur'd without Poison, and that there shou'd be a Prospect of effecting

it by a less grateful Method than Reason and Persuasion.

The Original of this Difference has been of some standing, tho' it did not break out to Fury and Excess till the time of Erecting the Dispensary, being an Apartment in the College set up for the Relief of the Sick Poor, and manag'd ever since with an Integrity and Disinterest suitable to so Charitable a Design.

If any Person wou'd be more fully inform'd about the Particulars of so Pious a Work, I refer him to a Treatise set forth by the Authority of the President and Censors, in the Year 97. 'Tis call'd A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the Sick Poor. The Reader may there not only be inform'd of the Rise and Progress of this so Publick an Undertaking, but also of the Concurrence and Encouragement it met with from the most, as well as the most Ancient Members of the Society, notwith-

standing the vigorous Opposition of a few Men, who thought it their Interest to defeat so laudable a Design.

The Intention of this Preface is not to perfuade Mankind to enter into our Quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being censur'd of taking any indecent Liberty with a Faculty he has the Honour to be a Member of. If the Satyr may appear directed at any particular Person, 'tis at such only as are presum'd to be engag'd in Dishonourable Confederacies for mean and mercenary Ends, against the Dignity of their own Profession. But if there be maginary, and by consequence ought to give no Body Offence.

The Description of the Battle is grounded upon a Feud that hapned in the Dispensary, betwixt a Member of the College with his Retinue, and some of the Servants that attended there, to dispense the Medicines; and is so far real: tho' the Poetical Rela-

tion be fictitious. I hope no Body will think the Author Scurrilous thro' the whole, who being too liable to Faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the Miscarriages of others. If I am hard upon any one 'tis my Reader: But some Worthy Gentlemen, as remarkable for their Humanity as their Extraordinary Parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess those Ingenious Gentlemen have done me a great Honour; but while they design an imaginary Panegyrick upon me, They have made a real one upon Themselves; and by saying how much this simall Performance exceeds some others, They convince the World how far it falls short of Theirs.

The

to back of me forerally and above,

The Copy of an Instrument Subscribed by the President, Censor, most of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the College of Physicians, in relation to the Sick Poor.

THereas the several Orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing Medicins gratis to the Poor Sick of the Cities of London and Westminster, and Parts adjacent, as also the Proposals made by the said College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen and Common Council of London, in pursuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furnish the Poor with Medicins for their Cure at low and reasonable Rates: we therefore whose Names are here under-written, Fellows or Members of the said College, being willing effectually to promote so great a Charity, by the Counsel and good Liking of the President and College declared in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige our selves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, Fellow and Elect of the said College, the sum of Ten Pounds a piece of Lawful Mony of England, by Such fuch proportions, and at such times as to the major part of the Subscribers hereto shall seem most convenient: Which Money when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering Medicins to the Poor at their intrinsick Value, in such Manner, and at such Times, and by such Orders and Directions, as by the major part of the Subscribers hereto, shall in Writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose. In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our Hands and Seals this Twenty Second Day of December, 1696.

Tho, Millington, Prases. Tho. Burwell, Elect and Cenfor. Sam. Collins, Elect. Edw. Browne, Elect. Rich. Torless, Elect and Cenfor. Edw. Hulse, Elect. Tho. Gill, Censor. Will. Dawes, Censor. Jo. Hutton. Rob. Brady. Hans Sloane. Rich. Morton. John Hawys. Ch. Harel. Rich. Robinfon. Joh. Bateman. Walter Mills. Dan, Coxe.

Henry Sampson. Thomas Gibson. Charles Goodall. Edm. King. Sam. Garth. Barnh. Soame. Denton Nicholas. Toseph Gaylard. John Woollaston. Steph. Hunt. Oliver Horseman. Rich Morton, Fun. David Hamilton. Hen. Morelli. Walter Harris. William Briggs. Th. Colladon. Martin Lister. To. Colbatch. Bernard Connor.

W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylvestre.
Cha. Morton,
Walt. Charlton,
Phineas Fowke,
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.

John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
Norris.
George Colebrock.
Gideon Harvey.

Tho, Burwell, Elect and

The Design of Printing the Subscribers Names, is to shew, that the late Undertaking has the Sanction of a College Act; and that itis not a Project carried on by Five or Six Members, as those that oppose it, would unjustly infinuate.

Thomas Cibiob.

Dan, Coxc.

### To Dr. Gath, upon the Dispensary.

H that some Genius, whose Poetick Vein, Like Montague's could a just Piece sustain, Would fearch the Gracian and the Latin Store, And thence present thee with the purest Oar. In lasting Numbers praise thy whole Design, And Manly Beauty of each Nervous Line. Show how your pointed Satyr's Sterling Wit Does only Knaves, or formal Blockheads hit; Who're gravely Dull, infipidly Serene, And carry all their Wisdom in their Mein. Whom thus expos'd, thus strip'd of their Disguise, None will again Admire, most will Despise. Show in what Noble Verse Nassau you sing, How such a Poet's worthy such a King.

When

When S—r's Charming Eloquence you Praise,
How loftily your Tuneful Voice you raise!
But my poor feeble Muse is as unsit
To Praise, as Imitate what you have writ.
Artists alone should venture to Commend
What D—s can't Condemn, nor D—n Mend:
What must, writ with that Fire and with that Eases
The Beaux, the Ladies, and the Criticks please.

The Marie W. Charles William I

Serve in what Noble Verse Nastan you line,

. and amount days to your C. Boyle.

To my Friend the Author, desiring my Opinion of his Poem.

SK me not, Friend, what I Approve or Blame, Perhaps I know not why I Like, or Damn; I can be Pleas'd; and I dare own I am. I read Thee over with a Lover's Eye, Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy; Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I. Criticks, and aged Beaux of Fancy chaste, Who ne'er had Fire, or else whose Fire is past, Must judge by Rules what they want Force to Taste. I wou'd a Poet, like a Mistress, try, Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Nose, her Eye; But by some Nameless Pow'r, to give me Joy. The Nymph has Graffon's, Cal's, Charles I's. If with refiftless Fires my Soul she warms (Charms With Balmupon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms.

Such

Such is thy Genius, and such Art is thine, Some secret Magick works in ev'ry Line; We judge not, but we feel the Pow'r Divine. Where all is Just, is Beauteous, and is Fair, Distinctions vanish of peculiar Air. Lost in our Pleasure, we Enjoy in you Lucretius, Horace, Sand, Manague. And yet 'tis thought, some Criticks in this Town, By Rules to all, but to themselves unknown, Will Damn thy Verse, and Justifie their own. Why, let them Damn: Were it not wond'rous hard Facetious Mand the City-Bard So near ally'd in Learning, Wit, and Skill, Shou'd not have leave to Judge, as well as Kill? Nay, let them write; Let them their Forces join, And hope the Motly Piece may rival thine. Safely despise their Malice, and their Toil, Which Vulgar Ears alone will reach, and will defile.

Be it thy Gen'rous Pride to please the Best, Whose Judgment, and whose Friendship is a Test. With Learned H-s thy healing Cares be join'd, Search thoughtful R—e to his inmost Mind: > Unite, restore your Arts, and save Mankind. Whilst all the busie Manals of the Town Envy our Health, and pine away their own. When e'er thou wou'dst a Tempting Muse engage, Judicious Wals h can best direct her Rage. To Sommers, and to Dorfe t too submit, And let their Stamp Immortalize thy Wit. Consenting Phoebus bows, if they Approve, And Ranks thee with the foremost Bards above: Whilst these of Right the Deathless Laurel send,-Be it my Humble Bus'ness to Commend The faithful, honest Man, and the well-natur'd

Chr. Codrington.

To my Friend, Dr. G—th, the Author of the Dispensary.

To Praise your Healing Art would be in vain,
The Health you give, prevents the Poet's Pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your Renown,
And I but fill the Chorus of the Town.
That let me wave, and only now Admire,
The dazling Rays of your Poetick Fire:
Which its diffusive Virtue does dispense,

In flowing Verse, and elevated Sense.

The Town, which long has swallow'd foolish Verse,
Which Poetasters ev'ry where rehearse;

Will mend their Judgment now, refine their Taste, And gather up th' Applause they threw in waste. The Play-house shan't Encourage false, sublime,

Abortive Thoughts, with Decoration-Rhime.

The Satyr of Vile Scribblers shall appear On none, except upon themselves severe: While yours Contemns the Gall of Vulgar Spight; And when you seem to Smile the most, you Bite.

Tho. Cheek.

To my Friend, upon the Dispensary.

A S when the People of the Northern Zone
Find the Approach of the Revolving Sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, They see the new-born Light,
And dread no more Eternity of Night:

Thus We, who lately as of Summer's Heat Have felt a Dearth of Poetry and Wit; Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more From warmer Climes, to an ungrateful Shore. But You, the Fav'rite of the Tuneful Nine, Have made the God in his full Lustre shine; Our Night have chang'd into a Glorious Day, And reach'd Perfection in you first Essay: So the young Eagle that his Force would try, Faces the Sun, and tow'rs it to the Sky.

Others

Others proceed to Art by flow degrees,

Awkward at first, at length they faintly please;

And still whate'er their first Efforts produce,

'Tis an Abortive, or an Infant Muse:

Whilst yours, like Pallas, from the Head of Jove Steps out full grown, with Noblest Pace to move.

What ancient Poets to their Subject owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:

You found it Little, but have made it Great;

They could Describe, but you alone Create.

Now let your Muse rise with Expanded Wings,
To Sing the Fate of Empires, and of Kings;
Great WILLIAM's Victories she'll next rehears,
And raise a Trophy of Immortal Verse:
Thus to your Art proportion the Design,
And Mighty Things with Mighty Numbers join,
A Second Namur, or a Future Boyne.

H. Blount.

### THE

## Dispensary.

#### CANTO I.

SPeak, Goddess! since 'tis Thou that best canst How ancient Leagues to modern Discord fell; Cautious Whence 'twas, Physicians were so frugal grown Of others Lives, and lavish of their own; How by a Journey to th' Elysian Plain Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that most celebrated Place,
Where angry ' Justice shews her awful Face;

1 Old Baily.

B Where

Where little Villains must submit to Fate, That great Ones may enjoy the World in state; There stands a 2 Dome, Majestick to the Sight, And sumptuous Arches bear its oval Height; A golden Globe plac'd high with artful Skill, Seems, to the distant Sight, a gilded Pill: This Pile was, by the Pious Patron's Aim, Rais'd for a Use as Noble as its Frame: Nor did the Learn'd Society decline The Propagation of that great Defign; In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd, And as she disappear'd, they still pursu'd.

They find her dubious now, and then as plain; Here, she's too sparing; there, profusely vain. Now she unfolds the faint, and dawning Strife Of infant Atoms kindling into Life: How ductile Matter new Meanders takes, And slender Trains of twisting Fibres makes.

2 College of Physicians.

pag. 4° 2 A Commence of the second Hrapt in the Shades of night the God of lies, yet to if learner unveils her dark Disquise, But shans the graft accept of vulgar Eyes.



And how the Viscous seeks a closer Tone, By just degrees to harden into Bone; While the more Loofe flow from the vital Urn, And in full Tides of Purple Streams return; How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamparise,

And dart in Emanations through the Eyes;

While from each Sluice, a briny Torrent pours,
To stake a feaverish heat
T'extinguish feaverish Heats with ambient Show'rs;

Whence, their Mechanick Pow'rs, the Spirits claim,

How great their Force, how delicate their Frame: How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain

The greatest Pleasure and the greatest Pain.

Why bileous Juice a Golden Light puts on,

And Floods of Chyle in Silver Currents run.

How the dim Speck of Entity began
Toward it's brittle being up to Man.
T'extend its recent Form, and stretch to Man.

To how minute an Origin we owe

Young Ammon, Cafar, and the Great Nasfau.

Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim, And why chill Virgins redden into Flame. Why Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise, And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes. All Ice why Lucrece, or Sempronia, Fire, Why Settle rages to survive Desire. Whence Milo's Vigour at th' Olympick's shown Whence Tropes to Finel, or Impudence to S-Why Atticus polite, Brutus severe, Why Me muddy, Monta gue why clear. Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous Cause to find, How Body acts upon impassive Mind. How Fumes of Wine the thinking part can fire, Past Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire: Why our Complexions oft our Soul declare, And how the Passions in the Features are. How Touch and Harmony arise between Corporeal Substances, and Things unseen.

With

But how their grant Knighten and me would to it came they may be published to it

Indulging Breams his Godhead lult to Ease, Wiff murmurs of soft Rills, Wohispring Tres. Their drows Virtue, & dult Indolence. A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH . The Course of the Course of

With mighty Truths, mysterious to descry, Which in the Womb of distant Causes lie.

But now those great Enquiries are no more,
And Faction skulks, where Learning shone before:
The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And Pwan's Beams with fading Lustre shine.
No Readers here with Hectick Looks are found,
OrEyes in Rheum, thro' midnight-watching drown'd:
The lonely Edifice in Sweats complains,
That nothing there but empty Silence reigns.

This Place so fit for undisturb'd Repose,
The God of Sloth for his Asylum chose.

Upon a Couch of Down in these Abodes
Surine of folded drms he thoughtless nods
The careless Deity supinely nods.

His leaden Limbs at gentle ease are laid,
With Poppies and dull Nightshade o'er him spread,

No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain.

But dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,

And lazy Fogs bedew his gracious Head.

As at full length the pamper'd Monarch lay
Batt'ning in Ease, and slumb'ring Life away:
A spiteful Noise his downy Chains unties,
Hastes forward, and encreases as it slies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn Flint engage,
Till urg'd by Blows, it sparkles into Rage.

Some temper Lute, some spacious Vessels move;
These Furnaces erect, and Those approve.

Here Phyals in nice Discipline are set,
There Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet.

In this place, Magazines of Pills you spy;
In that, like Forrage, Herbs in Bundles lie.

3 The Building of the Dispensary.

While

While lifted Pestles, brandish'd in the Air,
Descend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.
Loud Stroaks, with pounding Spice, the Fabrick rend,
And Aromatick Clouds in Spires ascend.

So when the Cyclops o'er their Anvils sweat,
And their swoln Sinews ecchoing Blows repeat;
From the Vulcano's gross Eruptions rise,
And curling Sheets of Smoke obscure the Skies.

The flumb'ring God amaz'd at this new Din,

Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down agen.

Yitless he stretch'd, be gaping rusting his Byes,

Then, half erect, he rubb'd his op'ning Eyes,

And falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

How impotent a Deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!

Basks in their Eyes, and foarkies in their Face.

Thro' my Indulgence, Mortals hourly share
A grateful Negligence, and Ease from Care.
Lull'd in my Arms, how long have I with-held
The Northern Monarchs from the dusty Field.
How have I kept the British Fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough Dangers of the Seas.
Hibernia owns the mildness of my Reign,
And my Divinity's ador'd in Spain.
I Swains to Sylvan Solitudes convey,

Where stretch'd on Mossy Beds, they waste away, In gentle Inactivity, the Day.

What Marks of wondrous Clemency I've shown, Some Rev'rend Worthies of the Gown can own. Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace, Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face. How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien, When big they strut behind a double Chin.

Teat that of the mate the property and the Service of the Service Service Market Language States And Potation of Practical pa: 9 9. Urim was civil, & not void of sense, had humour & a courteous Confidence. So sprues he moves, so grace fully he eochs; The hallow'd Rose declares him Orthodox. He pass I his easie Hours, instead of Brayer, In Madrigals, & Thillising & Fair. Constant at Fregsto, & each Decorum Luck. As soon as & Desert appears, withdrew: Always obliging and without affence, chad fancy'd for his gay Impertinence. But see how ill mistaken Fasts succeed; he hrew of my Bominion, & would read; Engaged in Controversis, wranged with, In Convocation-Language could excell. In Holumns provid the Gurch without Defence, And quarded But by helpless Providence: Mon Grace & Moderation disagree; And Giolence advances Charity. Thus wit till none would read, becoming soon et wretched Scribber, of a rare Buffoon.

Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull.
No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,
Or discompose their pompous Ignorance:
But undisturb'd, they loiter Life away,
So wither Green, and blossom in Decay.
Deep sunk in Down, they, by my gentle Care,
Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air,
And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of

Bare, and Sw Xwe free

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,

And, in return, I ask but some Recess,

We relight of loosed
T'enjoy th'entrancing Extasses of Peace.

But that, the Great Nassau's Heroick Arms
Has long prevented with his loud Alarms.

Still my Indulgence with Contempt he flies,
His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies.

The Dispensary.

No threatning Seasons his Resolves controul,

Th' Equator has no Heat, no Ice the Pole.

With Arms resistless o'er the Globe he flies,

And leaves to Jove the Empire o' the Skies.

But as the flothful God to yawn begun, He shook off the dull Mist, and thus went on.

Sometimes among the Caspian Cliffs I creep,
Where solitary Bats, and Swallows sleep.
Or if some Cloyster's Refuge I implore,
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers snore;
Still Nassau's Arms a soft Repose deny,
Keep me awake, and sollow where I sly.

Since on the World his Blessings he bestows.

And with a Nod has settl'd a Repose.

old

10

lought the Covert of fome peaceful tiell, from their market party kampanille, or have And Mostel never foreignsphase more with

Alero have I ruled long undisturbed with Broils,) And leugh'd at Heroes, & their glorious Toils. My Annals are in mouldy Mildews wrought with strong unlabourit Impotence of Thought.

I fought the Covert of some peaceful Cell,
Where silent Shades in harmless Raptures dwell;
That Rest might past Tranquility restore,
And Mortal never interrupt me more.

Twas here, alas! I thought I might Repose,
These Walls were that Asylum I had chose.

Nought underneath this Roof, but Damps are
Nought heard, but drowzy Beetles buzzing round.

Spread Cobwebs hide the Walls, and Dust the Floors,
And midnight Silence guards the noiseless Doors.

But now I find some enterprising Brain
Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
And labours to dissolve my easie Reign.

With that, the God his darling Phantom calls, And from his falt'ring Lips this Message falls.

Since Mortals will dispute my Pow'r, I'll try
Who has the greatest Empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, some Prince's Court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd Fiend.
Or in Cabals, or Camps, or at the Bar,
Or where ill Poets Pennyless confer,
Or in the Senate-house at Westminster.
Tell the bleak Fury what new Projects reign,
Among the Homicides of Warwick-Lane.
And what th' Event, unless she strait enclines
To blast their Hopes, and bassle their Designs.

More he had spoke, but sudden Vapours rise, And with their silken Cords tie down his Eyes.

pa: y 12. Or where dull Gritiche Author's Fate foretel; Or where stale Maids, or meager Eunuchs dwell.

Stall Party on Come Prince & Court of Cold. Tell (on their Park office as Tomothe of the Arrang the Elementary Washington Lane to Arthur March . A second the Building

## THE

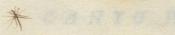
## Dispensary.

## CANTO II.

Soon as with gentle Sighs the Ev'ning Breeze
Begun to whisper thro' the murm'ring Trees;
And Night to wrap in Shades the Mountains Heads,
While Winds lay hush'd in Subterranean Beds;
Officious Phantom did with speed prepare
To slide on tender Pinions through the Air.
Oft he attempts the Summit of a Rock,
And oft the hollow of some blasted Oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay,
The hissing of her Snakes proclaim'd the way.

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Yew, That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew; No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight, But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite; There crawl'd the meager Monster on the Ground, And breath'd a livid Pestilence around: A bald and bloated Toad-stool rais'd her Head; The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed. Down her wan Checks fulphureous Torrents flow. And her red haggard Eyes with Fury glow. Like Ætna with Metallick Steams oppress'd, She breaths a blue Eruption from her Breast: Then rends with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls, Where Fame the Acts of Demy-Gods enrolls. And as the rent Records in pieces fell, Each Scrap did some Immortal Action tell.

T



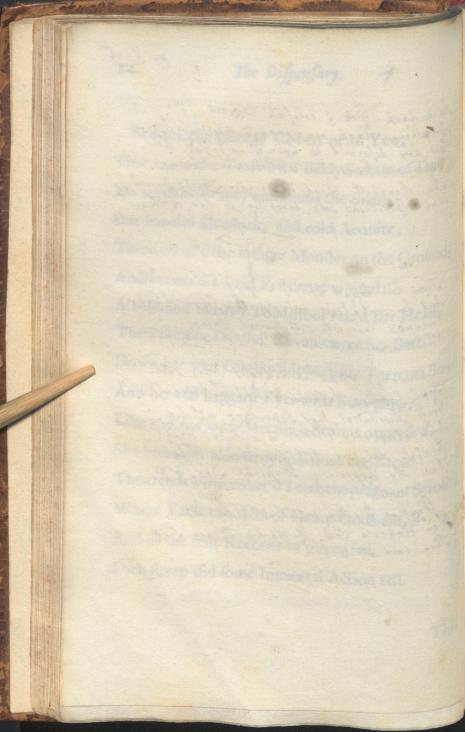
En a dark Grott & balefull Haggard lay,
Browthing black vengeance & infecting Day.
But how deformed & norn he spightfull Boes,
Rapacious Verres, lute a Halesman, knows.
The chearfull blood her meager Checks forsook,
And Basilishs sate brooding in her Look.

----

From her chapped Nortrils scalding Forrents fall, And her sand Eyes boil o'er M'in Floods of Gall. Polcano's labour they to inward Pains, Whilst Scar of males Oar lye waste y Plains.

stround of Fiend in hideous Order sate cool bawling Infamy, & bold Debate; Graff Discontent, thro Ignorance mitteled, And clam'rour Fation at he Party's Head: Restleft Sedition, still dissembling Fear, And sly Hypoerisie the pious Leer.

Her clottered focks, & blasted to each Look.



This show'd, how fix'd as Fate Torquatus stood,
That, the fam'd Passage of the Granick Flood.
The Julian Eagles, here, their Wings display;
And there, like setting Stars, the Decii lay.
This does Camillus as a God extol,
That points at Manlius in the Capitol.
How Cochles did the Tyber's Surges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping Grave.
Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Persians join,
And, there, the wond'rous Battle of the Boyn.

As th'airy Messenger the Fury spy'd,

A while his curdling Blood forgot to glide.

Consusion on his fainting Vitals hung,

And falt'ring Accents slutter'd on his Tongue.

Convey'd

At lenth, assuming Courage, he essay'd

Listerand, then he shrunk into a Shade.

the light

The Hag lay long revolving what might be The bleft Event of fuch an Embaffy. She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form, So Lightning gilds the unrelenting Storm, Then she: Alas! how long in vain have I Aim'd at those noble Ills the Fates deny: Within this Isle for ever must I find Disasters to distract my restless Mind? Good Tennis n's Celestial Piety At last has rais'd him to the Sacred See. Somers does fick'ning Equity restore, And helpless Orphans are oppress'd no more. Pem-ke to Britain endless Blessings; Hespoke; and Peace clap dher Triumphant Wings Great O nd shines illustriously bright With Blazes of Hereditary Dight.

When



Thus she Manhind are blefted, they not still Unbounded in exorbitance of Il.

By Devastation of rough Warrior through gains, And Farmers fatten most when Famine reigns;

For siehly seasons of Physitians wait, And Politicians thrive in Broils of State.

The Lover's easie when of Fair One sights and Gods subsist not but by Sacrifics.

Each other Being some Indulgence knows, Then are my Joys, but infinite my Woes. My present pain Britannia's Genius wills, And thus ye Fates record my fature Ills.

With Arms shall vanquish Barth & Heav's the Pray's.
The on of World her Clemency shall Show's.
And only to preserve exert her Pow'r.
Tyrants shall then their impious thing forbear,
And Blenkeim's Thunder, more than Filma's, fear.

Since by no dot &c.



When De—re appears, all Eyes confess

An easie Grandeur graces his Address.

And M—Id is active to defend

His Country, with the Zeal he loves his Friend.

Like Leda's radiant Sons, divinely clear,

Port land and I—sey deck'd in Rays appear

To Gild, by turns, the Gallick Hemisphear.

Worth in Distress is rais'd by Montague,

Augustus listens if Macenas sue.

And Verne ns Vigilance no slumber takes,
Whilst Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.

Since by no Arts I therefore can defeat

The happy Enterprizes of the Great,

I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things;

And try if my lov'd Snakes have Teeth or Stings.

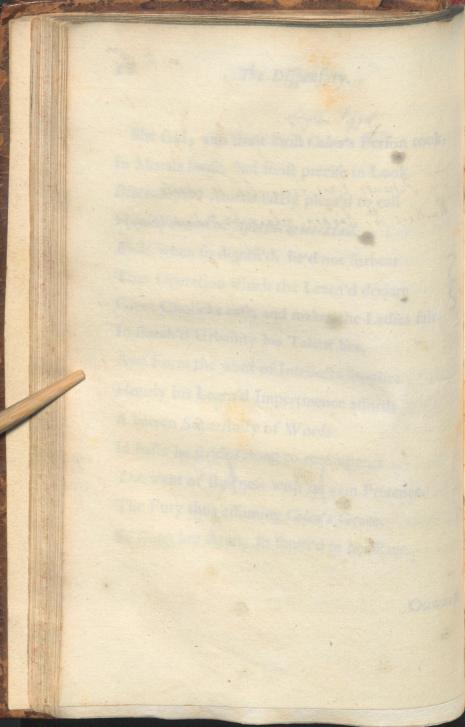
She

Leighbon Figgot.

She faid; and strait shrill Colon's Person took, In Morals loose, but most precise in Look. Black-Fryars Annals lately pleas'd to call Him Warden of Apothecaries-Hall. And, when so dignisi'd, he'd not forbear That Operation which the Learn'd declare Gives Cholicks ease, and makes the Ladies fair. In flarch'd Urbanity his Talent lies, And Form the want of Intellects supplies. Hourly his Learn'd Impertinence affords A barren Superfluity of Words. In haste he strides along to recompence The want of Bus ness with its vain Pretence. The Fury thus affuming Colon's Grace, So slung her Arms, so shuffl'd in her Pace.

Onward

pa: 9 18th Universities of the last of th Where Novicepe smeakes in internal Contact . The Patient's Ears remorsless he apails, Murthers to Jargon where his Medicine fails. And known whiteso he Ruch a series Wells. \* Marine in Committee Coloring in Society .... toldle the lange and dente described



Onward she hastens to the fam'd Abodes,

Where Horoscope invokes th'infernal Gods;

And reach'd the Mansion where the Vulgar run For ruins throng, & pay to be undone.

Timercase their Ills, and throng to be undone.

This Wight all Mercenary Projects tries,

And knows, that to be Rich is to be Wife.

By useful Observations he can tell

The facred Charms, that in true Sterling dwell.

How Gold makes a Patrician of a Slave,

A Dwarf an Atlas, a Thersites brave.

It cancels all Defects, and in their Place

Finds Sense in Br\_w, Charms in Lady \_\_\_\_

It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind;

No Bankrupt ever found a Fair One kind.

Je Bernard and bold bill and at

So truly Horoscope its Virtue knows,

To this bright Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;

And fancies, that a Thousand Pound supplies

The want of Twenty thousand Qualities.

Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,
Bold to Prescribe, and busie to Apply.

His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
With foreign Trinkets, and domestick Toys.

Unichit Oblervations he can tell

Here, Mummies lay most reverendly stale,
And there, the Tortois hung her Coat o' Mail;
Not far from some huge Shark's devouring Head
The slying Fish their sinny Pinions spread.
Alost in Rows large Poppy Heads were strung,
And near, a scaly Alligator hung.
In this place, Drugs in musty Heaps decay'd,
In that, dri'd Bladders, and drawn Teeth were laid.

"Activis bright Idol "ris, "flore, he bows";

An inner Room receives the numerous Shoals,
Of fuch as pay to be reputed Fools.
Globes stand by Globes, Volumns on Volumns lie,
And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.
The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at Ease,
To promise future Health for present Fees.
Then, as from Tripod, solemn Shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks, how soon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage Fetters on.
Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
Enquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off.

Some, by what means they may redress the Wrong, When Fathers the Possession keep too long.

hoa

And some wou'd know the Issue of their Cause, And whether Gold can folder up its Flaws, Poor pregnant Lais his Advice would have, To lose by Art what fruitful Nature gave: And Portia old in Expectation grown, Laments her barren Curse, and begs a Son. Whilst Iris, his Cosmetick Wash wou'd try, To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers dye. Some ask for Charms, and others Philters chule, To gain Corinna, and their Quartans lose. Young Hylas, botch'd with Stains too foul to name In Cradle here renews his Youthful Frame: Cloy'd with Defire, and furfeited with Charms, A Hot-house he prefers to Julia's Arms. And old Lucullus wou'd th' Arcanum prove, Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

rathers the Possession keep too long.

Bleak

Now

Bleak Envy these dull Frauds with Pleasure sees, And wonders at the senseless Mysteries. In Colon's Voice she thus calls out aloud On Horoscope environ'd by the Crowd.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amusements cease, Thy Wood-Cocks from their Gins a while release; And to that dire Misfortune listen well, Which thou shou'dst fear to know, or I to tell. 'Tis true, Thou ever wast esteem'd by me The Great Alcides of our Company. When we with Noble Scorn refolv'd to ease Our selves from all Parochial Offices; And to our Wealthier Patients left the Care, And draggl'd Dignity of Scavenger: Such Zeal in that Affair thou didst express, Nought cou'd be equal, but the great Success.

C 4

Now call to mind thy Gen'rous Prowess past, Be what thou shou'dst, by thinking what thou wast. The Faculty of Warwick-Lane Design, If not to Storm, at least to Undermine: Their Gates each day Ten thousand Night-caps And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud. If they should once unmask our Mystery, Each Nurse, e'er long, wou'd be as learn'd as We; Our Art expos'd to ev'ry Vulgar Eye, And none, in Complaifance to us, would dye. What if We claim their Right t' Assassinate, Must they needs turn Apothecaries strait? Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try, To crowd with new Inhabitants your Sky. 'Tis we who wait the Destinies Command, To purge the troubl'd Air, and weed the Land. And dare the College of Physicians aim To equal our Fraternity in Fame?

Or Highgate-Hill with lofty Pindus vie:

So Glow-worms may compare with Titan's Beams,
Or Hare-Court Pump with Aganippe's Streams.

Our Manufacture now they meanly fell,
And spightfully th' intrinsick Value tell:
Nay more: Inhumanly They'll force us soon
T'exert our Charity, and be undone;
Whilst We, at our Expence, must persevere,
And, for another World, be ruin'd here.

At this, fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and straight In Silence tumbl'd from his Chair of State.

The Crowd in great Confusion sought the Door, And left the Magus fainting on the Floor.

Whilst in his Breast the Fury breath'd a Storm,

Then sought her Cell, and reassum'd her Form.

Thus

Thus from the Sore altho' the Infect flies, It leaves a Brood of Maggots in Disguise.

Officious Squirt in haste forsook the Shop,
To succour the expiring Horoscope.
Oft he essay'd the Magus to restore,
By Salt of Succinum's prevailing Pow'r;
Yet still supine the solid Lumber lay
An Image of scarce animated Clay;
'Till Fates, indulgent when Disasters call,
By Squirt's nice Hand apply'd a Urinal;
The Wight no sooner did the Steam receive,
But rous'd, and bless'd the Stale Restorative.
The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
Such Zeal he had for that vile Utensil.

He knew the Fifty Smell, and th' Azure Goddess

### THE

# Dispensary.

#### CANTO III.

Complaining of the flow approach of Day;
Oft turn'd him round, and strove to think no more,
Of what shrill Colon spoke the Day before.
Cowslips and Poppies o'er his Eyes he spread,
And S Works he laid beneath his Head.
But all those Opiats still in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces slies.
Tumultuous Cares lay rolling in his Breast,
And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage express'd.

Oft

Oft has this Planet roll'd around the Sun, Since to confult the Skies, I first begun: Such my Applause, so mighty my Success, I once thought my Predictions more than Guess. But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain This Faith, there can be no Mistake in Gain. For the dull World most Honour pay to those Who on their Understanding most impose. First Man creates, and then he fears the Elf, Thus others cheat him not, but he himself: He loaths the Substance, and he loyes the Show, You'll hardly e'er convince a Fool, He's fo: He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat, And still the only Pleasure's the Deceit. So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye, Which no Existence has, but in the Eye.

At distance Prospects please us, but when near,
We find but desart Rocks, and sleeting Air.
From Stratagem, to Stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone.

Mankind one Day serene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe:
New Passions, new Opinions still excite,
And what they like at Noon, despise at Night:
They gain with Labour, what they quit with Ease,
And Health, for want of Change, becomes Disease.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to Superstitious Fear.
They Councel others, but themselves Deceive,
And tho' they're Cozen'd still, they still Believe.

Shall I then, who with penetrating Sight
Inspect the Springs that guide each Appetite:

Who

Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce
The dark Recesses of the Universe,
Be Passive, whilst the Faculty pretend
Our Charter with unhallow'd Hands to rend?
If all the Fiends that in low Darkness reign,
Be not the Fictions of a sickly Brain;
That Project, the \* Dispensary they call,
Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, shall fall.

With that, a Glance from mild Aurora's Eyes, Shoots thro' the Chrystal Kingdoms of the Skies; The Savage Kind in Forests cease to roam, And Sots o'recharg'd with nauseous Loads reel home. Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' Azure Waste are And Miss from Inns o' Court bolts out unpaid. The Sage transported at th' approaching Hour, Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the Floor;

<sup>\*</sup> Medicines made up there, for the use of the Poor.

Officious Squirt that moment had access,
His Trust was great, his Vigilance no less.
To him thus Horoscope,

My kind Companion in this dire Affair,
Which is more light, fince you affume a Share;
Fly with what hafte you us'd to do of old,
When Clyster was in danger to be cold:
With Expedition on the Beadle call,
To fummon all the Company to th' Hall.

Away the trufty Coadjutor flies,

Swift as from Phyal Steam of Harts-horn flies.

The Magus in the int'rim mumbles o'er

Vile Terms of Art to fome Infernal Pow'r,

And draws Mysterious Circles on the Floor.

But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright,

Ascends to blast the tender Bloom of Light.

No mystick Sounds from Hell's detested Womb, In dusky Exhalations upwards come.

And now to raise an Altar He decrees, To that devouring Harpy call'd Disease.

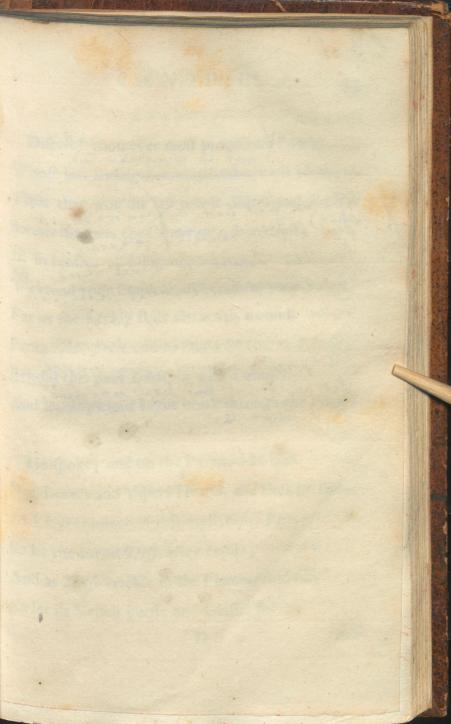
Then Flow'rs in Canisters he hastes to bring, The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring, With cold Solanum from the Pontick Shore, The Roots of Mandrake and Black Ellebore.

And on the Structure next he heaps a Load Of Sassafras in Chips, and Mastick Wood.

Then from the Compter he takes down the File, And with Prescriptions lights the solemn Pile.

Feebly the Flames on clumfie Wings aspire,
And smoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.
With Sorrow he beheld the sad Portent,
Then to the Hag these Orizons he sent.

Dif-



. Pa: y 33 Thou well eanst loast thy num row Paligree Begot by sloth, maintained by Luxury. In gilded Palaces thy Fromets reigns, But flies ye humble Sheds of Cottage swains. To you such might & Energy belong, You nig ge blooming, & unnerve ge strong. The purple Conqueror in Chains you lind, And are to us your topals onely kind: If in return Se.

Ent a fuiffer Cricket frait was heard,

Discase! thou ever most propitious Pow'r,

Whose soft Induspence we perceive each Hour;

Thou that wou'dst lay whole States and Regions
Sooner than we, the Cormorants, shou'd fast;

If, in return, all Diligence we pay

Textend your Empire, and confirm your Sway,

Far as the weekly Bills can reach around,

From Kent-street end to fam'd St. Giles's-Pound;

Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,

And let auspicious Light break through the Pile.

He spoke; and on the Pyramid he laid
Bay Leaves and Vipers Hearts, and thus he said;
As These consume in this mysterious Fire,
So let the curs'd Dispensary expire;
And as Those crackle in the Flames, and die,
So let its Vessels burst, and Glasses slie.

D

And how Medica did the Philter brews

But

But a finister Cricket strait was heard,
The Altar fell, the Off'ring disappear'd.
As the fam'd Wight the Omen did regret,
Squirt brought the News the Company was met.

Nigh where Fleet-Ditch descends in sable Streams,
To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames;
There stands a \* Structure on a rising Hill,
Where Tyro's take their Freedom out to kill.
Some Pictures in these dreadful Shambles tell,
How, by the Delian God, the Pithon fell;
And how Medea did the Philter brew,
That cou'd in Afon's Veins young Force renew;
How sanguine Swains their am'rous Hours repent,
When Pleasure's past, and Pains are permanent;
And how frail Nymphs, oft by Abortion, aim
To lose a Substance, to preserve a Name.

\* Apothecaries Hall. Males ban fland along of sal d

pa: y 34. In healing Tears how Myrrha mound her Fall, And what befel y' beauteous Briminal. How Mentha & Alther, hymphs no mort, Revive in sacred Plants, & Health restore. How ranguine & c.

The About the the Calling disapposite As the faired Wight the Ones did noted a James Section 18 the Many des Congressy wis 198 Soon as each Member in his Rank was plac'd,
Th' Assembly Diasenna thus address'd.

My kind Confed'rates, if my poor Intent, As 'tis fincere, had been but prevalent, We had here met on some serene Design, And on no other Bus'ness but to Dine; The Faculty had still maintain'd their Sway, And Interest had taught us to obey; Then we'd this only Emulation known, Who best cou'd fill his Purse, and thin the Town. But now from gath'ring Clouds Destruction pours, Which threatens with mad rage our Halcyon hours: Mists from black Jealousies the Tempest form, While late Divisions reinforce the Storm. Know, when these Feuds, like those at Law, are past, The Winners will be Losers at the last.

Like Heroes in Sea-Fights we feek Renown,
To fire some hostile Ship, we burn our own.
Who-e'er throws Dust against the Wind, descries
He throws it, in effect, but in his Eyes.
That Juggler which another's Slight will show,
But teaches how the World his own may know.

Thrice happy were those golden Days of old, When dear as Burgundy, Ptisans were sold, When Patients chose to die with better Will, Than live to pay th' Apothecary's Bill. And cheaper than for our Assistance call, Might go to Aix or Bourbon, Spring and Fall.

Then Priesthood thriv'd, and Piety decay'd, And Senates gave their Votes as Whey were paid. Right was adjudg'd as Favour did prevail, And Burgesses were made by nappy Ale.

But

pa. 9 36 th.

Then Projes increased, & Piety decay'd, ? Church men y Church's Purity betray'd; Sheir Lives & Doctrine flaves & Atheigh make? The Lans were but you Riveling Judge's line; Juriey were way'd by venal Evidence. Tools were promoted to g founcil Board Tools to go Bench, & Bulliy to g Ivord. Tensions in private were go, fenale's fin; And Batriots for a place abandon's Frame. But now no Le

In vain no but content, that radiant Pon's Those vapours can disperse it raised before. Is he revolving to

But now no influencing Art remains, For S-rs has the Seal, and Nassau reigns. And we, in spight of our Resolves, must bow, And fuffer by a Reformation too. For now late Jars our Practices detect, And Mines, when once discover'd, lose th' Effect. Dissentions, like small Streams, are first begun, Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run: So Lines that from their Parallel decline, More they advance, the more they still dif-join. Tis therefore my Advice, in haste we send, And beg the Faculty to be our Friend. As he revolving stood to speak the rest, Rough Colocynthis thus his Rage exprest,

Thou Scandal of the mighty Peans Art,

At thy Approach, the Springs of Nature start,

The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the fight of thee, A Scratch turns Cancer, th' Itch a Leprosie. Cou'dst thou propose, That we, the Friends o' Fates, Who fill Church-yards, and who unpeople States, Who baffle Nature, and dispose of Lives, Whilst Russel, as we please, or starves, or thrives, Shou'd e'er submit to their Imperious Will, Who out o' Confultation scarce can kill? The tow'ring Alps shall sooner sink to Vales, And Leaches, in our Glasses, swell to Whales; Or Norwich trade in Implements of Steel, And Bromingham in Stuffs and Druggets deal: The Sick to th' Hundreds sooner shall repair, And change the Gravel-Pits for Essex Air. No. no, the Faculty shall soon confess

Our Force encreases, as our Funds grow less;

And

of of

Our Properties must on our Arms depend; Fir next to conquer, bravely to defend. Fir to ge Mulgar, Beath too harsh appears; The Il we feel is onely in our Fears.

Where Billows never break nor Tampests voar: Ser wall wa feel & friendly Stroke, this o're The Wise thro' Thought th' Insults of Geath defy; The Tools thro' Cleft'd insansibility.

The World thro' Cleft'd insansibility.

The what & Guilty fear, & Pious erave; Sought by & Brave, I wanguish'd by & Brave.

It eases Lovers, sats & Captive free; And, tho' a Tyrant, affers Liberty.

Sound but to Ste.



And what requir'd fuch Industry to raise.

We'll scatter into nothing as we please.

Thus they'll acknowledge, to Annihilate
Shews no less wondrous Pow'r than to Create.

We'll raise our num'rous Cohorts, and oppose
The seeble Forces of our pigmy Foes;

Whole Troops of Quacks shall join us on the Place,
From Great Kirleus down to Doctor Case.

Tho' such yile Rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;

Directors still secure the greatest Prize.

Such poor Supports serve only like a Stay;

So Patriots in time of Peace and Ease,

Forget the Fury of the late Disease:

Imaginary Dangers they create,

And loath th' Elinir which preserv'd the State.

The Tree once fix'd, its Rest is torn away.

Arm therefore, gallant Friends, 'tis Honour's Call, Or let us boldly Fight, or bravely Fall.

To this the Session seem'd to give Consent,
Much lik'd the War, but dreaded much th' Event,
Steves At length, the growing diff'rence to compose,
Two Brothers, nam'd Ascarides, arose.
Both had the Volubility of Tongue,
In Meaning faint, but in Opinion strong.
To speak they both assum'd a like Pretence,
But th' Elder gain'd his just Pre-eminence;

Then he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right Are once invaded, Honour bids us Fight.

But e'er we once engage in Honour's Cause,

First know what Honour is, and whence it was.

mil

Tis

Scorn's by & Base, 'tis courted by & Brave,
'Tis Pride's Original, but Nature's Grave;
The Heroe's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.

Born in the noisie Camp, it lives on Air;
And both exists by Hope and by Despair.

Angry when e'er a Moment's Ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.

It lives, when in Death's Arms the Heroe lies,
But when his Sasety he consults, it dies.

Then let us, to the Field before we move,
Know, if the Gods our Enterprize approve.
Suppose th' unthinking Faculty unvail,
What we, thro' wifer Conduct, wou'd conceal;
Is't Reason we shou'd quarrel with the Glass,
That shews the monstrous Features of our Face?
Or grant some grave Pretenders have of late
Thought sit an Innovation to create;

Soon they'll repent, what rashly they begun,
Tho' Projects please, Projectors are undone.
All Novelties must this Success expect,
When good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect:
If things of Use were valu'd, there had been
Some Work-house where the Monument is seen.
Or if the Voice of Reason cou'd be heard,
E'er this, Triumphal Arches had appear'd.

Then fince no Veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing Good;
The Project that we vainly apprehend,
Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.
Some Members of the Faculty there are,
Who Int'rest prudently to Oaths preser.
Our Friendship with a servile Air they court,
And their Clandestine Arts are our Support.

pa: 9 42. It Reason could direct, e'er now each gate. Has born some Trophy of Trumphal State. From & Namur to Jove & to Safaw. Then imed no be.



Them we'll confult about this Enterprise, And boldly Execute what they Advise.

But from below (while fuch Refolves they took)
Some Aurum Fulminans the \*Fabrick shook.
The Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,
Regard their Safety, and their Rage forget.

So when at Bathos all the Gyants strove
T'invade the Skies, and wage a War with Jove;
Soon as the Ass of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling Rebels in confusion sted.

\* The Room th' Apothecaries meet in, is over the Labaratory.

There winnings a Physician of Renowners of I

### and boldly Execute where the Advice.

# Dispensary.

## CANTO IV.

Where wand'ring Punks each Night at Five Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread, (repair; And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread; Where Bently, by Old Writers, wealthy grew, And Briscoe lately was undone by New:

There triumphs a Physician of Renown, To name, but such as nut in Realth unknown.

To scarce a Mortal, but himself, unknown.

None e'er was plac'd more luckily than He, For th'Exercise of such a Mystery.

When

When Bur—ss deafens all the listning Press
With Peals of most Seraphick Emptiness;
Or when Mysterious F— mounts on high,
To preach his Parish to a Lethargy:
This Esculations waits hard by, to ease
The Martyrs of such Christian Cruelties.

And if the angenerous I waph a Shafe lers Hy

Long has this happy Quarter of the Town,

For Lewdness, Wit, and Gallantry been known.

All Sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er Degree,

To blend and justle into Harmony.

The Criticks each advent'rous Author scan,

And praise or censure as They like the Man.

The Politicians of Parnassus prate,

And Poets canvass the Assairs of State;

The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock, but tell

How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.

And flore Mirmillain thefe Words beginn south

The Country-Dames drive to Hippolito's,

First sind a Spark, and after lose a Nose.

The Lawyer for Lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,

He grows a Mad-man, and then turns a Wit.

And in the Cloister pensive Strephon waits,

'Till Chloe's Hackney comes, and then retreats;

And if th' ungenerous Nymph a Shaft lets fly

More fatally than from a sparkling Eye,

Mirmillo, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.

Th' Apothecaries thither throng to Dine,
And want of Elbow-room's supply'd in Wine.
Cloy'd with Variety, they surfeit there,
Whilst the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.
'Twas here the Champions of the Party met,
Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat.
Each Hero a tremendous Air put on,
And stern Mirmillo in these Words begun:

Tis

'Tis with Concern, my Friends, I meet you here;
No Grievance you can know, but I must share.
'Tis plain, my Int'rest you've advanc'd so long,
Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue.
And in return, tho' I have strove to rend
Those Statutes, which on Oath I should defend;
Yet that's a Trisse to a generous Mind,
Great Services, as great Returns should find.
And you'll perceive, this Hand, when Glory calls,
Can brandish Arms as well as Urinals.

Oxford and all her passing Bells can tell,

By this Right Arm, what mighty Numbers fell.

Whilst others meanly ask'd whole Months to slay,

I oft dispatch'd the Patient in a Day:

With Pen in Hand I push'd to that degree,

I scarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.

Some

Somo

Some fell by Laudanum, and some by Steel; And Death in Ambush lay in ev'ry Pill. For fave or flay, this Privilege we claim, Tho' Credit suffers, the Reward's the same. Each Post thot I was mutu, would find

What tho' the Art of Healing we pretend, He that designs it least, is most a Friend. Into the Right we err, and must confess, To Overlights we often owe Success. Thus Bessus got the Battle in the Play, His glorious Cowardise restor'd the Day. So the fam'd Grecian Piece ow'd its desert To Chance, and not the labour'd Stroaks of Art.

Of thir Right Army what mighty Numbers fell. Physicians, if they're wise, shou'd never think Of any other Arms than Pen and Ink: But th' Enemy, at their Expence, shall find, When Honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He

entitles on your Arrendres, and when you lily

He faid; and feal'd th' Engagement with a Kifs, Which was return'd by Younger Askaris; Who thus advanc'd: Each Word, Sir, you impart, Has something killing in it, like your Art. How much we to your boundless Friendship owe, Our Files can speak, and your Prescriptions show. Your Ink descends in such excessive Show'rs, Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours. Whilst poor Pretenders trisse o'er a Case, You but appear, and give the Coup de Grace. O that near Xanthus Banks you had but dwelt, When Ilium first Achaian Fury felt, The Flood had curs'd young Peleus's Arm in vain, For troubling his choak'd Streams with heaps of flain. No Trophies you had left for Greeks to raife, Their Ten Years Toil, you'd finish'd in Ten Days. Fate smiles on your Attempts, and when you list, In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave resist.

Then let us Arm, we need not fear Success, No Labours are too hard for Hercules.

Our military Ensigns we'll display;

Conquest pursues, where Courage leads the way.

To this Design Ar Querpo did agree,

A stubborn Member of the Faculty;

His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,

And where the Doctor fails, the Saint succeeds.

A Conventicle slesh'd his greener Years,

And his full Age th'envenom'd Rancour shares.

Thus Boys hatch Game-Eggs under Birds o' Prey,

To make the Fowl more surious for the Fray.

Grave Carus next discover'd his Intent,
With much ado explaining what he meant.

His Spirits stagnate like Cocitus's Flood,

And nought but Calentures can warm his Blood.

In his chill Veins the fluggish Puddle flows,

And loads with lazy Fogs his fable Brows.

Legions of Lunaticks about him prefs,

The that can lost Intelled's redress.

So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o're,

Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, restore.

When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found

With lumber of vile Books besieg'd around.

The gazing Fry acknowledge their Surprize,

Confulting less their Reason than their Eyes.

And he perceives it stands in greater stead,

To furnish well his Classes, than his Head.

Thus a weak State, by wife Distrust enclines

To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines.

So Fools are always most profuse of Words,

And Cowards never fail of longest Swords.

Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet, And from the World, to Dust and Worms retreat. Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign, Refuse of Fairs, and Gleanings of Duck-Lane; And up these Shelves, much Gothick Lumber climbs, With Swiss Philosophy, and Danish Rhimes. And hither, rescu'd from the Grocers, come M\_Works entire, and endless Reams of B-Where wou'd the long neglected C\_\_\_ fly, If bounteous Carus shou'd refuse to buy? But each vile Scribler's happy on this score, He'll find some Carus still to read him o're. Nor must we the obsequious Umbra spare, Who, foft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.

But when some Rival Pow'r invades a Right,

Flies set on Flies, and Turtles Turtles sight,

Else courteous Umbra to the last had been

Demurely meek, insipidly serene.

With

With Him, the Present still some Virtues have,
The Vain are sprightly, and the Stupid, grave.
The Slothful, negligent; the Foppish, neat;
The Lewd are airy; and the Sly, discreet.

A Wren's an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;

a Lycurgus, and a Phocion, R——.

Heroick Ardour now th' Assembly warms,

Each Combatant breaths nothing but Alarms.

For Future Glory, while the Scheme is laid,

Fam'd Horoscope thus offers to disswade;

Since of each Enterprise th' Event's unknown,
We'll quit the Sword, and hearken to the Gown.
Nigh lives Vagellius, one reputed long,
For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.
Which way he pleases, he can mould a Cause,
The Pleasure ha can mould of possive lause,
The Worst has Merits, and the Best has Flaws.

Five

Five Guinea's make a Criminal to Day,

And Ten to Morrow wipe the Stain away.

Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,

Milo's the Lecher, Clodius th' Homicide.

Cato pernicious, Cataline a Saint,

Or—fuspected, D—innocent.

Let's then to Law, for 'tis by Fate decreed,

Nore Vagellius, and our Mony, shall succeed,

Know, when I first invok'd Disease by Charms

T'assist, and be propitious to our Arms;

Nor wou'd the Sybil from her Grott ascend.

Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,

As Horoscope urg'd farther to be heard,

Broscope Was interrupted by a Bard;

In vain your Magick Mysteries you use, Such Sounds the Sybil's sacred Ears abuse.

Thefe

These Lines the pale Divinity shall raise, Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays.

(ons clash,

\*Arms meet with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchi-And Sparks of Fire struck out from Armour stash. Thick Clouds of Dust contending Warriors raise, And hideous War o'er all the Region brays.

† Some raging ran with huge Herculean Clubs,

Some massy Balls of Brass, some mighty Tubs

Of Cynders bore.

\* Naked and half burnt Hills with hideous Wreck, Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's Back.

\*K. Arth. p. 307. †K. Ar. p. 327. \*Pr. Ar. p. 130.

\* High Rocks of Snow, and sailing Hills of Ice, Against each other with a mighty crash,

Driv'n by the Winds, in rude rencounter dash.

† Blood, Brains, and Limbs the highest Walls distain,

And all around lay squallid Heaps of Slain, \*Pr. Ar. p. 136. +K. Ar. p. 189.

As

As he went rumbling on, the Fury strait (Weight. Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd scarce support her A noysom Rag her pensive Temples bound, And faintly her parch'd Lips these Accents sound.

Mortal, how dar'st thou with such Lines address

My awful Seat, and trouble my Recess?

In Essex Marshy Hundreds is a Cell,

Where lazy Fogs, and drisling Vapours dwell:

Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,

And shiv'ring Quartans shake the sickly Air.

There, when fatigu'd, some silent Hours I pass,

And substitute Physicians in my place.

Then dare not, for the future once rehearse

The Dissonance of such unequal Verse.

But in your Lines let Energy be found,

And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound.

Harsh Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear, None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear. In Sense and Numbers if you wou'd excel, Read Wither, confider Den well. In one, what vigorous Turns of Fancy shine, In th'other, Syrens warble in each Line. If Der fets sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre, The Smiles and Graces melt in foft Defire, And little Loves confess their am'rous Fire. The Tyber now no courtly Gallus fees, But smiling Thames enjoys his No bys. And gentle Iss claims the Ivy Crown, To bind th' immortal Brows of A fon. As tuneful Congreve tries his rural Strains, Pan quits the Woods, the list'ning Fawns the

And Philomel, in Notes like his, complains.

And Britain, fince Pausanias was writ,

Knows Spartan Virtue, and Athenian Wit.

When Stern ny paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,

Or, what Apollo dictates, Programmer fings:

The Banks of Rhine a pleas'd Attention show,

And Silver Sequana forgets to flow.

Such just Examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling, without straining sore.

Oft tho' your Stroaks surprize, you shou'd not chuse,
A Theme so mighty for a Virgin Muse.

Long did Apelles his Fam'd Piece decline,
His Alexander was his last Design.

'Tis Mondo gue's rich Vein alone must prove,
None but a Phidias shou'd attempt a Jove.

of of of

of of of The Fury paused, till it a frightfull sound It rising Whirlwind burst th' unhallowed ground. Then The Deity we Frostuno eall, The distant, rules & influences all. trait for her favour to her court repair, Important Embassies claim wings of His.

Back wondrous stood, but Horoscope's great Soul What Bangers never alarm, nor foults control; Ray'd on & Pinions of & bounding wind, Outflew the Rock, & left the Hours behind. The Ev'ning now with bloshes warms the trix, The Steer occigas the yoke the Rind his Care. The Clouds alaft to golden Edgings glove, And falling Dews refresh the Flow's below. The Bat at sooty wings flits thro y Grove, The Reeds scarce outle nor y Aprine move this all & feathers Folks forbear their lays of Love. This of transparent Region of & Myes, mift as a wish of missionary flies. With wonder he surveys is upper air, there, to gay gilded Mateors sporting there, for lambent fellies kindling in I hight, Port thro' of Ather in a trail of light.
On rising Freams in the Azure fluid blend,
Of fleet in Clouds, or in roft show're designd; or it is stubborn Rage of Cold prevail, in Hakes they fly, or fall in moulded haid. Kon Hony Dans embalm & fragrant Morn, How of fair Oaks it luscious Ireas adorn. How heat & Moistare mingle in a Majs, Or heat & Moistark mange .
Why beleh in Thunder, or in Lightning blaze.
And bold Fornado's bluster in & Sky.

Thy a prolifich ctura upwards tends, Ferments, & in a living shower descends. How Japours hanging on & tow ring Hills In Breezes sigh, ar neep in warbling Rills; Whence Infant Winds their tender Pinions try, And River Gods their thirty Urns supply. And braves & chill unwholsom & Damps of hight, He views & tracts, where Cuminaries rove, To settle Seasons have, & Fates above, The blead Archery still forbid & Seas, The stormy Kidds, & necessing Myades; The skining Lyre to Arain, attracting more Meaven's glitting Mansions now, than Med's before. Glad Capiopsia circling in & Pag, And each bright (herchill of & Jalaxy. My Auroraan Eferian Breezes born, the blushing Lips breaths out & Sprightly Morn; Each Flow'r in Den heir short lived Empire weep! And Gynthia to her low Endymion sleeps. As throig Gloom of Magus cutship way, imperfect Objects tell of doubtfull Day. Dim he discorps Majestich Allas vise in And band baneath of burther of g Miles. His towing brows aloft no trampest know, Whilst Lightning flies, & Thunder rolls below. Bistant from hence beyons a Waste of Plairs, With breath in his Giant Brother reigns; With breathing trice his pitchy hostrils glow, As from his sides he chakes & fleeey Snow. Around their hours Prince from wat by Beds Hy Subject Islands raise their verdant Head! The waves so gently nash leach riging Hill, The Land seems floating, & g Ocean Still. Eter=

1300

Eternal Spring at smiling ferdure here Warms of mild dir, & crowns of youthfull year, From Crystal Rocks transparent Rivelets flow, The Rose still bluskes, Oge Vilets blow. The Vine undress'd her smolling clusters boars, The lab ring Kind of mollow Olive Cheer; Blokoms & Fruit stones y litron shows, And as she pays, discovers it'll she ones. And & glad Orange courts of am'row Maid Her golden Apple, Wasilhen Shaba. he Posts e'er dy compere y peacefull Joby, The Springs but number of winds but righ. The tunefull hang on gliding Rivers float, And warbling Diges, die on eving note. Where Flora treads her Zephyr Garlands flings, thaking rich Odours from his purple wings; And Birds from Hood bine Bon's & Semin Groves Chaunt their glad Ruptiall, & unenoged Loves. Mild Seasons, rising Hills, & Silent Bales God Grotto's, Silver Brooks, & flow'ry Vales, In this bleford (Cimate all & circling year provails.) Are these happy loles, where endless Pleasures wait, the still by tuneful bars! The Fortunate. On high, where no house Winds nor Clouds seront The hoodwink'd Goddess heeps her partial Court. kpon a Whal of Amethyst the loss Tives & resumes, & smiles & frown, by fits.
In this still Laby rink around her lige Palmistry:
Spells, Phillers, Glober, & Schemes of Palmistry: In thiother a prophetick five & Sheers. The Dame by divination know it soon. The Magus would appear & then begun Kail, sacred Seer! Thy Embassic I know, Wert must ensue, ye Fate will have it so great.

Dread Feats shall follow, & By often great, Pills Charge on Vills, & Boley Boles meet: Both rider shall congrer , so yet both shall fall; The Motar nos, & then & Urinal. geto thee alone my Influence of one, There Rature has deay's, my Favour flow. Ty I that give (so mighty is my pow'r) Faith to ge few, complexion to ge Moor. I am & Wretch? Wish, ye Rooks Fretenes, The Muggard o Sare, & Concombis Providence. Ir Scrape Quill, ones a supple smiling Slave, Looks lofty non, & insolently grave, Builds, settles, purchases, & has each hour Caps from & Rich, & Cursas from & poor. Spadillio, that at Table served of oblate, Drinks rich Tochay himself to east in Hate? - Has Lever Villas, Mistrefies in store And owns of Racers, wh he rubb'd before. Soul, heavily born my faithless Boons dety, The Brave is to himself a Beity. The blefor Astreas gone some Soil remains, Where Fortune is & Place, & merit reigns. The Tyler loogth his Islian Progény, Thames his Massau, ge hile his Atolemy. Maria, yet for future Iway designed, Thall for a Hefs, a greater Mordaunt find. Thus Ariadne in proud Triumph rode, The lost a \* Herok, & she found a God. Thereus 1 Backey. The End of y At Canto.

The National Nation

Had freeableering of Finlance or the Greene

X V. I ca che fell Night, with peaceful 2017

was bedemind because to find postomed ban

Stocks qui the Plains and Galle-Slaves the Oak

colf at drawn w ylan odr a Vice

The Fury faid, and vanishing from Sight,

Cry'd out, To Arms; so left the Realms of Light.

The Combatants to th' Enterprize consent,

And the next Day smil'd on the great Event.

THE

## THE

## Dispensary.

## CANTO V.

Hen the still Night, with peaceful Poppies
HadspreadhershadyPinionso'er the Ground;
And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
While Groves and Streams are the fost Virgin's
The Surges gently dash against the Shoar,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar.
Sleep shakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes,
Mirmillo is the only Wretch it slies.
He sinds no respite from his anxious Grief,

Then feeks, from this Soliloquy, Relief.

Long

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,
Glutted with Fees, and mighty in Renown.
There's none can die with due Solemnity,
Unlefs his Pafs-port first be sign'd by Me.
My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd.
I give Reversions, and for Heirs provide.
None cou'd the tedious Nuptial State support;
But I, to make it easie, make it short.
I set the discontented Matrons free,
And Ransom Husbands from Captivity.
Then shall so useful a Mathin as I

Engage in civil Broils, I know not why?

No, I'll endeavour straight a Peace, and so

Preserve my Honour, and my Person too.

But Discord, that still haunts with hideous Mien Those dire Abodes where Hymen once has been,

O'er

The Dispensary.

Sibbony

Mirmillo's Anguish, then begun

O'er-heard Mirmillo reas'ning in his Bed;

In sullan Accents to express her own;

Then raging inwardly the Fury said;

Have I so often banish'd lazy Peace From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Recess? Have I made South and Sherlock difagree, And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obscurity? And does my faithful F-fon profess His Ardour still for Animosities? Have I, Britannia's Safety to insure, Expos'd her naked, to be more secure? Have I made Parties opposite, unite, In monstrous Leagues of amicable Spight T' embroil their Country, whilst the common Cry, Is Freedom, but their Aim, the Ministry? And shall a Dastard's Cowardise prevent The War fo long, I've labour'd to foment?

No, 'tis refolv'd, he either shall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.

With that, the Hag approach'd Mirmillo's Bed, And taking Querpo's meager Shape, She said;

Added of Night I Rosten
I come, altho at Midnight, to dispel,

Those Tumults in your pensive Bosom dwell.

I dreamt, but now, my Friend, that you were by;

May saw & Fear relating in your Eyes. Methought I faw your Tears, and heard you figh.

O that 'twere but a Dream! But fure I find

Grief in your Looks, and Tempests in your Mind.

Speak, whence it is this late Disorder flows,

That shakes your Soul, and troubles your Repose.

Mitales in Erroneous Practice scarce cou'd give you pain,

Too well you know the Dead will ne'er complain.

What

What Looks discover, said the Homicide,
Wou'd be but too impertinent to hide.

My Sasety sirst I must consult, and then
I'll serve our suffring Party with my Pen.

All shou'd, reply'd the Hag, their Talent learn,
The most attempting oft the least discern.

Let P—h speak, and V—k write,

Soft Acon court, and rough Cacinna sight:

Such must succeed, but when th' Enervate aim

Beyond their Force, they still contend for Shame.

Had C—printed nothing of his own,

He had not been the S—fold o' the Town.

Asses and Owls, unseen, themselves betray,

If These attempt to Hoot, or Those to Bray.

Had W- never aim'd in Verse to please, We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys. Still Censures will on dull Pretenders fall, A Codrus shou'd expect a Juvenal. Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd, To set off, and to recommend the good. So Diamonds take a Lustre from their Foyle; And to a Bently 'tis, we owe a Boy le.

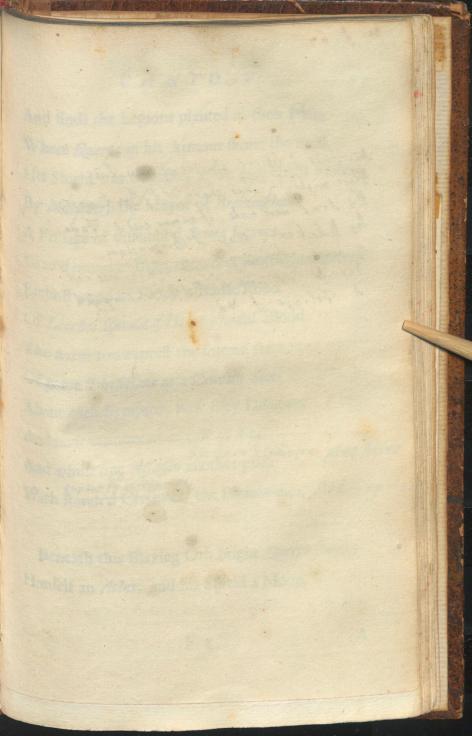
Consider well the Talent you possess, To strive to make it more wou'd make it less; And recollect what Gratitude is due, To those whose Party you abandon now. To them you owe your odd Magnificence, But to your Stars your Penury of Sense. Haspt in a Tombril, aukwardly you've shin'd With one fat Slave before, and none behind.

But soon, what They've exalted They'll discard,
And set up Caras or the City Bard.

Alarm'd at this, the Heroe Courage took,
And Storms of Terror threaten'd in his Look,
My dread Refolves, he cry'd, I'll strait pursue;
The Fury satisfy'd, in Smiles withdrew.

In boding Dreams Mirmillo spent the Night,
And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight.
At length gay Morn smiles in the Eastern Sky,
From risling silent Graves the Sextons sly.
The rising Mists scud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The Chaunter at his early Matins yawns.
The Vilets ope their Buds, Cowships their Bells,
And Progne her Complaint of Tereus tells.

As bold Mirmillo the gray Dawn descries, Arm'd Cap-a-pe, where Honour calls, he flies,



And finds is Legions planted at their Post; Where mighty Querpo charmed ye Bye & most. Hy Arms were made, if we may end it Fame, By Muleiber & Mayor of Browingham. Of temper Stiliam & bright Mield was cast, And get the work the Metal for surpassed. A Toliage of to.

And finds the Legions planted at their Post; 103 Where Querpo in his Armour shone the most. His Shield was wrought, if we may credit Fame, By Mulgiber, the Mayor of Bromingham. A Foliage of dissembl'd Senna Leaves, Grav'd round its Brim, the wond'ring Sight deceives. Embost upon its Field, a Battle stood Of Leeches spouting Hemorrhoidal Blood. The Artist too exprest the solemn state Of grave Physicians at a Confult met; About each Symptom how they Disagree, And how unanimous in case of Fee. And whilst one Assassin another plies With Harch'd Civilities, the Patient dies. Pick expires.

Beneath this Blazing Orb bright Querpo shone, Himself an Atlas, and his Shield a Moon. A Peftle for his Truncheon led the Van,
And his high Helmet was a Close-stool Pan.
His Crest an \* Ibis, brandishing her Beak,
And winding in loose Folds her spiral Neck.
This, when the Young Querpoides beheld,
His Face in Nurse's Breast the Boy conceal'd.
Then peept, and with th' esfulgent Helm wou'd play,
But as the Monster gap'd he'd shrink away.
Thus sometimes Joy prevail'd, and sometimes Fear;
And Tears and Smiles alternate Passions were.

But Fame that whispers each profound Design,
And tells the Consultations at the Vine;

And how at Church and Bar all gape and stretch,
or or or y preach;
On nimble Wings to Warwick-Lane repairs,
And what the Enemy intends, declares.

\* This Bird, according to the Ancients, gives it self a Clyster with its Beak.

Disorder'd

7 4 4 4

It Queryo for ring stood in Martial night this of Pacifick Parus sported on & Right. a diffected In & Oran Outang our his Roulders hung, Baboon call His Muma confess of Capon whence it spring. To. His mothy Mail scarce would of Heroe bear, Haranging thus of Tribuncs of of War.

Famil Phiefs, For design'd for more, for present Triumphs born design'd for more, your Valour more. If Battel be resolved, you'll find they hand Can deal out Desting, to Fate command. Our Fores in knongs shall hide y Crimson Plain, And their Apollo interpose in vain. Tho' Gods themselves engage, a Diamed With ease could shew a Deity can bleed.

But War's rought Trade should be by Fool profest, The grofast rulbigh fills a Trench of best. Let Jumpies through, is of Quartan shake, or groups is through, is gout & Colichs rack; Let I proof & Pestilence lay waste, abilit we Wage bloodless Wars, & fight in Theory. Who wants not Merit neds not arm for Fame, The Dead I raye my Chicalry proclaim. Diseases baffled & lost Health restor'd, on Fame, bright of the Peak restor'd, on Fame, bright of the Wistories record. More Lives from me their Preservation own, Than Lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown.

But wisely your miscarriages conesal. Thus reasoned to Philopolar & Bold;

px: 9 50

Immortal Gods you own, but think em blind To what concerns of State of human Lind. Either they hear not, or regard not Fray'r, That argues want of Pow'r & this of Care. Allow of Widom infinite must know, Four infinite must act. I grant it to. Haste strait to Reptune's Fane survey to Zant The Walls. What hen? reply ? Infidel. Observe hore numirous Throngs in Effig. The Gods have said from it devouring Sea. Tis true their Pictures of escapid you hap, But where are their hat verished in & delpill, But, the unfeed, exert your arm & hill, Our scouts Rave learned & posture of & for; In War, surprizes surest conduct show. Sout Fame, it neither good nor bad conceals, That Pembrode's Worth, & Ormond's Valour tells, How Fruth in Benting, how in fundish reigns Carro's magnificence is maro's strains. But how at be.

pa: 9 69.

Confusion in each Countenance appeared, A Council's called, & Stantor first was heard; It is labring lungs of throng'd Pratorium rend, Addressing thus of Pastive President. Machaon, Cc. Disorder'd Murmurs through the College pass,

And pale Confusion glares in ev'ry Face.

In haste a Council's call'd, th' Occasion's great,

And quick as Thought, the summon'd Members meet.

Loud Stentor to th' Assembly had Access,

None aim'd at more, and none succeeded less.

True to Extreams, yet to dull Forms a Slave,

He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.

With Indignation, and a daring Air,

Machaon, whose Experience we adore,

Great as your matchless Merits, is your Pow'r.

At your Approach, the baffl'd Tyrant Death,

Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his clashing Teeth;

To you we leave the Conduct of the Day,

What you command, your Vassals must obey.

He paus'd a while, and thus address'd the Chair.

We'll fend to treat, and stifle the Design.

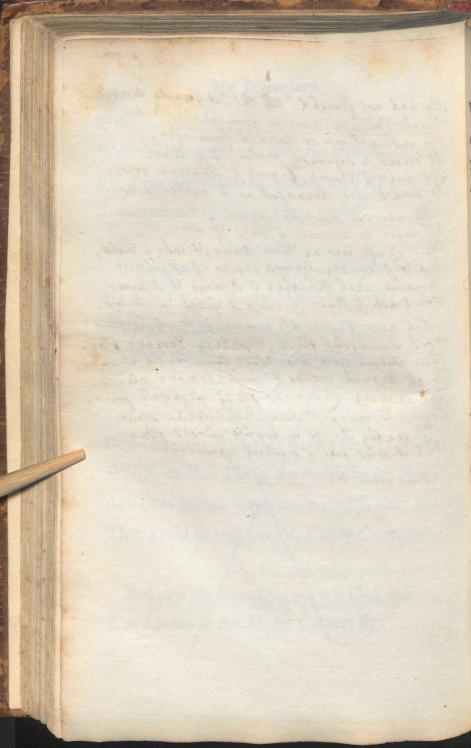
But if my Arguments had force, we'd try

To scatter our audacious Foes, or die.

What Stentor offer'd was by most approv'd;
But sev'ral Voices sev'ral Methods mov'd.
At length th' advent'rous Heroes all agree
T'expect the Foe, and act defensively.
Into the Shop their bold Battalions move,
And, what their Chief commands, the rest approve.
Down from the Walls they tear the Shelves in haste,
Which, on their Flank, for Pallisades are plac'd.
And then, behind the Compter rang'd, they stand,
Their Front so well secur'd, t'obey Command.

And now the Scouts the adverse Host descry,
Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours sly:
With

He had not finished, till the Out greats deserged Bright Columns move in formidable Pride. The paking Comp so dazzled from afar,
It reemed a Triumph rather y a war.
The wide & Front, I grof g Shalanz grew,
It looded he had been to the server of th It look d'els dreadfull as it neaver drew. The adverse Host for Setion strait prepare; All eager to unveil & Frace of War. Their Chiefs laco on their Helms, Wtake & Field, And to Manuster Source solians, Winds And to go trusty Squires resign of Mield: To paint each Knight, of Ardour & Alarms, Would ask of Muse of Jung of frogs in Arms. And now & Signal summons to & Frag; Moch Falchions flash & paltry Ensigns play. Reir Patron God his Silver Bow string twangs; Fough Harness rustles & bold Armour clangs. The piercing Causticks ply of spightfall pow'r; Emeticules ranch, Plean Catharticals scour. The deadly Brugs in double Boses fly, And Postles peal a martial Gamphony. now from &c.



With unresisted Force they urge their Way,
And find the Foe embatted in Array.

Then from their levell'd Syringes they pour
The liquid Volley of a missive Show'r.

Not Storms of Sleet, which o'er the Baltick drive,
Push'd on by Northern Gusts, such Horror give.

Like Spouts in Southern Seas the Deluge broke,
And Numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous Stroke.

So when Leviathans dispute the Reign,
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main;
From the rent Rocks whole Coral Groves are torn,
And Isles of Sea-weed on the Waves are born.
Such watry Stores from their spread Nostrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.

And now the stagg'ring Braves, led by Despair, Advance, and to return the Charge, prepare.

F 4

Each

Each feizes for his Shield an ample Scale,

And the Brafs Weights fly thick as Show'rs of Hail.

Whole Heaps of Warriors welter on the Ground,

With Gally-Pots, and broken Phials crown'd,

And th' empty Veffels the Defeat refound.

whilst empty Jarra

Thus when some Storm its Crystal Quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling Show'rs of Ice descends;
Mount Athos shakes the Forests on his Brow,
Whilst down his wounded Sides fresh Torrents
And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-spread the
(Vale below.)

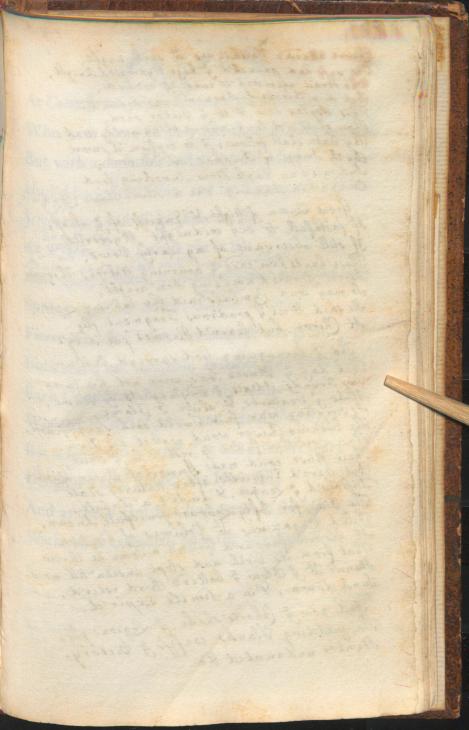
But now, all Order lost, promiscuous Blows
Confus'dly fall, perplex'd the Battle grows.

From Stentor's sinewy Arm an Opiat flyes,

And strait a deadly Sleep clos'd Carus's Eyes.

Chiron Int Siphilus with Colomel,

And fealy Crusts from his mann'd Forehead fell.



P. 173. p. \$73 Chiron attack o Talthibius w such might One pass had paunch'd & huge Hydropied Knight, Who strait retreated to evade & wound, But in a Floots of Apozem was drown'd. This Orylas saw, & to & victor raid, Thou shall not long survive th'un wieldy dead, Thy Fate shall follow; in to confirm it, wore By th' Image of Priapus, as he bore; And rais'd an Eagle Stone, invoking loud On Cynthia leaning o're a vilver show floud. Great Queen of hight, & Empress of & Seas, If faithfull to the midnight Mysteries, If still observant of my early bows, These hands have eas'd & mourning Matron's throws; Direct of rais'd avenging Arm aright, So may loud Rymbals aid they labring Light. He said, & let & pondrous Fragment Ply At Chiron, but learned Hermes put it lay. Tho g haranguing God surveyed of Wan, That day & Muse's Sons were not his Pare. Two Friends, Adepts, & Trismegists by name, The listning River would neglect his Urn.
Those Liver they failed to refere by Thill, Their Muse could made Immortal to her Quill. But learn'd Enquirees after nature's state Bisolv'd & League & kindl'd a Debate. The One, for lofty Labours fruitfull known, Filled Magazines in Volumes of his Own. eft his once favoured Finend a Tome he threw That from it's birth had slept unseen-till now. Stenned it & Blow & batters Bard retird, Sund down, I'm a Simile expired.

And now & Cohorts shade, y Legions ply, The yielding Flanks confess & Victory. Stentor undaunted &2.

Sertorias

At Colon great Japix Rhubarb flung,

Who with fierce Gripes, like those of Death, was

But with a dauntless and disdainful Mien

Hurl'd back Steel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen.

Scribanius a vast Eagle-Hone let fly

At P Nas, but Lucina put it by.

Stentor undaunted still with noble
And Querpo, warm'd with more than mortal Rage,

Sprung thro' the Battle, Stentor to engage.

Fierce was the Onset, the Dispute was great,

Both cou'd not vanquish, Neither wou'd retreat;

Each Combatant his Adversary mauls

With batter'd Bed-pans, and stav'd Urinals.

But whilst bold Stentor, (as late Rumors tell,)

Design'd a fatal stroke, the Hero fell;

And as the Victor hov'ring o'er him stood,

With Arms extended, thus the Suppliant su'd.

When

When Honour's lost, 'tis a Relief to die;

Death's but a sure retreat from Insamy.

But to the lost, if Pity might be shown,

Reslect on young Querpoides thy Son;

Then pity mine; for such an Insant-Grace

Sports in his Eyes, and flatters in his Face.

If he was by, Compassion he'd create,

Or else lament his wretched Parent's Fate.

Thine is the Glory, and the Field is thine;

To Thee the lov'd Dispens'ry I resign.

The Chief at this the deadly Stroak declin'd,
And found Compassion pleading in his Mind.
But whilst he view'd with Pity the Distress'd,
He spy'd \* Signetur writ upon his Breast.
Then tow'rds the Skies he toss'd his threat'ning Head,
And fir'd with mortal Indignation, said;

Sooner

<sup>\*</sup> Those Members of the College that observe a late Statute, are call'd by the Apothecaries Signetur Men.

Sowily dispute some Quarrel of the Flood, Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge desift,

His Holiness shall turn a Quietist.

The Gesuits & La Chase shall with the Jansenists agree,

The Inquisition wink at Heresie.

Faith stand unmov'd thro' 5 - 's Defence,

And Leek for Mystery abandon Sense.

xestilling fleets

Re drew a Loncet in full Rage, With that, unsheathing an Incision Knife, To puncture & still supplicating Sage. He offer'd at the prostrate Stentor's Life.

But while his Thoughts that fatal A& decree, Apollo interpos'd in form of Fee.

The Chief great Paan's golden Tresses knew,

He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.

Thus often at the Temple-Stairs we've feen Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,

Sowrly

Sowrly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood,
WithKnuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in Blood.
But at the first appearance of a Fare
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

The Heroe fo his Enterprize recalls,

His Fift unclinches, and the Weapon falls.

THE

## THE

## Dispensary.

## CANTO VI.

Aufpicious Health appear'd on Zephir's She feem'd a Cherub most divinely bright, Wings; She feem'd a Cherub most divinely bright, Wings; More soft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.

A Charm she takes from each excelling Fair, And borrows C—l's Shape, and G—ton's Air. Her Eyes like Ranelagh's their Beams dispence, With Ch—ill's Bloom, and Berkley's Innocence; From her bright Lips a vocal Musick falls, As to Machaon thus the Goddess calls.

Enough

Enough th' Atchievement of your Arms you've You feek a Triumph you shou'd blush to own. Haste to th' Elysian Fields, those bless'd Abodes, Where Harvy sits among the Demi-Gods. Consult that facred Sage, He'll soon disclose The Method that must terminate these Woes. Let Celsus for that Enterprize prepare, His Conduct to the Shades shall be my Care.

Aghast the Heroes stood dissolv'd in Fear,

A Form so Heav'nly bright They cou'd not bear,

Bakeman

Celsus alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,

The rest in pale Confusion lest the Field.

So when the Pigmies, marshall'd on the Plains, Wage puny War against th' invading Cranes,

As to Machine thus the Goddels calls.

The Poppets to their Bodkin Spears repair,

And scatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air.

But soon as e'er th' imperial Bird of Jove

Stoops on his sounding Pinions from above,

Among the Brakes, the Fairy Nation crowds,

And the Strimonian Squadron seeks the Clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go

And view the Wonders of the Realms below;
Then takes Amomum for the Golden Bough.
Thrice did the Goddess with her Sacred Wand
The Pavement strike; and strait at her Command
Th' obedient Surface opens, and descries
A deep Descent that leads to nether Skies.

\* Hygeia to the silent Region tends;
And with his Heav'nly Guide the Charge descends.

\* Health.

with restor has said ablim and w Within

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy

The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lye,

'Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray

Unbinds the Globe, and calls them out to Day.

Hence Pancies trick themselves in various Hew,

And hence Junquils derive their fragrant Dew.

Hence the Carnation and the bashful Rose

Their Virgin Blushes to the Morn disclose.

The charte like rives to g Light mose of fight.

Hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,

T'oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.

laurel'd forehead

And hence on Daphne's verdant Temples grow

Immortal Wreaths for Phabus and Nassau.

The Infects here their lingring Trance survive:

Benum'd they seem, and doubtful if alive.

From Winter's Fury hither they repair,

And stay for milder Skies and softer Air.

Down

Down to these Cells obscener Reptils creep,

Where hateful Nutes and painted Lizzards sleep.

Where shiv'ring Snakes the Summer Solstice wait;

Unfurl their painted Folds, and slide in State.

Now, those prosounder Regions they explore,
Where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Oar.
Here, sullen to the Sight, at large is spread
The dull unweildy Mass of lumpish Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are seen
The more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.
The Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks;
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then with bright and burnish'd Grace,
Youth and a blooming Lustre in its Face,
To th' Arms of those more yielding Metals slies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.

So close they cling, so stubbornly retire; Their Love's more violent than the Chymist's Fire.

Where living Floods of Merc'ry ferpentize:

Where richest Metals their bright Beams put on, Golden Amber

Where While Silver Streams thro' Golden Channels run.
And lend a lustre brighter of his Beams,
Here he observes the Subterranean Cells,

Where wanton Nature sports in idle Shells.

Some Helicoeids, fome Conical appear;

These, Miters emulate; Those, Turbans are:

Here Marcafites in various Figure wait,

To ripen to a true Metallick State:

Till Drops that from impending Rocks descend,

Their Substance petrifie, and Progress end.

Nigh, livid Seas of kindl'd Sulphur flow;

And, whilst enrag'd, their Fiery Surges glow:

Convulsions in the lab'ring Mountains rise, Which hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies.

He views with Horror next the noisie Cave; Where with hoarse dinn imprison'd Tempests rave: Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,

Por, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.

The warring winds unmoved dynaira heard.

Bravid of loud larg, but much for Celsus peared.

Thought for his danger, but her own forgot.

And now the Goddels with her Charge descends,

Where scarce one chearful Glimpse their Steps befriends. Here his forsaken Seat old Chaos keeps;

And undifturb'd by Form, in filence fleeps.

A grifly Wight, and hideous to the Eye;

An aukward Lump of shapeless Anarchy.

With fordid Age his Features are defac'd;

His Lands unpeopl'd, and his Countries waste.
To these dark Realms much learned Lumber ereeps,
Here Lumber, undeferving Light, is kept;
There copious M— safe in Silence sleeps;
A P—p's Bill to this dark Region's swept:

in a bill against immorality

Where

Where Mushroom Libels filently retire;
And, soon as born, with Decency expire.

Upon a Couch of Jett in these Abodes,

Dull Night, his melancholy Consort, nods.

No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;

But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

Nigh this Recess, with Terror they survey,
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannick Sway;
In the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,
Where Goblins frisk, and airy Spectres rove,
Yawns a dark Cave, most formidably wide;
And there the Monarch's Triumphs are descry'd.
Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,
Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.

'Febris is first: The Hag relentless hears
The Virgin's Sighs; and sees the Infant's Tears.

1 Feaver.

4

Confusid, & wildly huddled to g Eye,
The Beggar's Jouch, & Frince's Purple lye.

Bim Lamps to sichly Rays scarce seem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournfull moans & Tears o'reflow.

Old mouldving Urns, pale Fear & dark Distress

make up g frightfull Horror o'the Place.

Within it's We.



In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery Meteors reign; And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.

Then <sup>2</sup>Hydrops next appears amongst the Throng;
Bloated, and big, she slowly fails along.
But, like a Miser, in Excess she's poor;
And pines for Thirst amidst her wat'ry Store.

Now loathsom 3 Lepra, that offensive Spright, With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight. She's deaf to Beauty's soft-persuading Pow'r: Nor can bright Hebe's Charms her Bloom secure.

Whilst meager 4 Phthisis gives a silent Blow;
Her Stroaks are sure; but her Advances slow.
No loud Alarms, nor sierce Assaults are shown:
She starves the Fortress sirst; then takes the Town.

2 Dropsie. 3 Leprosie. 4 Consumption.

Behind stood Crouds of much inferior Name,

Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;

The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny:

Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands sty.

Now Celfus, with his glorious Guide, invades
The filent Region of the fleeting Shades:
Where Rocks and ruful Defarts are defcry'd;
And fullen Styn rolls down his lazy Tide.
Then shews the Ferry-man the Plant he bore,
And claims his Passage to the further Shore.
To whom the Stygian Pilot smiling, said,
You need no Pass-port to demand our Aid.
Physicians never linger on this Strand:
Old Charon's present still at their Command.
Our awful Monarch and his Consort owe
To Them the Peopling of their Realms below.

Then in his fwarthy Hand he grasp'd his Oar, Receiv'd his Guests aboard, and shov'd from Shoar.

Now, as the Goddess and her Charge prepare
To breath the Sweets of soft Elysian Air,
Upon the left they spy a pensive Shade,
Who on his bended Arm had rais'd his Head:
Pale Grief sate heavy on his mournful Look:
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke:

Tell me, Thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs Burst from your Breast, and Torrents from your Eyes: And who those mangl'd Manes are, which show A sullen Satisfaction at your Woe?

Since, said the Ghost, with Pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm Guiacum, once your valu'd Friend.

\* a Tree good against y French Box

And on this barren Beach in Discontent,

Am doom'd to stay till th' angry Pow'rs relent.

Those Spectres seam'd with Scars that threaten there,

The Victims of my late ill Conduct are.

They vex with endless Clamours my Repose:

This wants his Palate; That demands his Nose:

And here they execute stern Pluto's Will,

To ply me ev'ry moment with a Pill.

Then Celsus thus: O much lamented State!

How rigid is the Sentence you relate?

Methinks I recollect your former Air,

But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you

If Mortals e'er the Stygian Pow'rs cou'd bend;

Entreaties to their awful Seats I'd fend.

But since no human Arts the Fates dissuade;

Direct me how to find bless'd Harvy's Shade.

Insipid as your late Flirans you by,
That once were sprightlier far y Mercury.
At y sad Fale you tell, y Soppies weep,
And mourn y vegetable Souls as leep.
The unctuous Larix, & y healing Fine
Lament your Fate in tears of Turpentine.
But still y offspring of your Brain skal prove
The grocer's case, & brave y Rage of Jove.
When Bonfires blaze, your vagrant Works hall rise
In Routets, till they reach y wondring Skyes.

If mortals eer &c.

to to

The Morn awakes & Fulip from her bed; Ever Noon in painted Pride she deeks her Head: Road'd in rich dye she triumphs on & Green, And every Flower does Homage to & Queen. So in bright Yenus rises from & Flood Around in & throngs & wondring Ground; The Fritons gaze, I tune each vocal Shell, And every Grace unsung, & Waves conceal. In vain th' unhappy Ghost still urg'd his stay; Then rising from the Ground, he shew'd the way.

Nigh the dull Shoar a shapeless Mountain stood, That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood.

Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on,

No frisking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.

To gain the Summit the bright Goddess try'd,

And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.

Th' Ascent thus conquer'd, now They tow'r on (high, And taste th' Indulgence of a milder Sky.

Loose Breezes on their airy Pinions play,
And with refreshing Sweets perfume the way.

Cold Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide;
And as They pass, their painted Banks they chide.

These blissful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.

set and bloom Hill

The Delegate observes, with wond'ring Eyes,

Ambrosial Dews descend, and Incense rise.

Then hastens onward to the pensive Grove,

The silent Mansion of disastrous Love.

No Winds but Sighs are there, no Floods but Tears,

Each conscious Tree a Tragick Signal bears.

Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,

And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

Olivia
His Mistress here in solitude he found,
Her down-cast Eyes six'd on the silent Ground:
Her Dress neglected, and unbound her Hair,
She seem'd the mournful Image of Despair.
How lately did this celebrated Thing
Blaze in the Box, and sparkle in the Ring,
'Till the Green-sickness and Love's force betray'd
To Death's remorsless Arms th' uphappy Maid.

Cold

Here Jealousie w Jaundice Looks appears, And broken slumbers, & Fantastick Fears. The Widow'd Furtle langs her moulting wings, And to g woods in mournfull Mumars rings. no winds be the still and the second still and and the first of the second second the street of the second were there is very trace to thousand the see fraduct nach the Wales were The start will the start ! Large & Mariana Carl and St. Sans and Para the Love & Lindle at & West of the second

Stabled it thunkind deproach of conscious maid Thus to her late insulting Lover said; When Ladies listen not to loose desire, you stile our modesty, our want of Fire. Smile or Forbid, Encourage or Reprove, you still find Reasons to believe we love: bainly you think a liking we betray, Ind never mean is prevish thing we vay. justom, reply'd & Lover, is your Guide, Discretion is but Fear, & Stonour, Bride. To do rice Conduct right, you hature wrong; Impulses are but weak, where Reason's strong. Some want th'assurance oft, but Few & Flame, They like of Thing, That startle at of name. The lonely Thanix, tho' professed a nun, Warms into Love, & chindles at ge Sun. Those Tales of spicy Urns & fragrant Ties. Then as le

The Light forfook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;

An icy Horrour shiver'd in his Look,

At to & cold-complexioned Mymol
Then foftly in these gentle Words, He spoke:

Tell me, dear Shade, from whence fuch anxious care,
Your Looks diforder'd, and your Bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping Flow'r,
Crush'd by the weight of some unfriendly Show'r?
Your languid Looks, your late ill Conduct tell,
O that instead of Trash you'd taken Steel!

Then as he strove to clasp the fleeting Fair,

His empty Arms confess'd th' impassive Air.

From his Embrace th' unbody'd Spectre flies,

And as she mov'd, she chid him with her Eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful Plain,
Where the glad Manes of the Bless'd remain:
Where Harvy gathers Simples to bestow
Immortal Youth on Heroe's Shades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The Venerable Sage her Presence knew.
Thus He—

Hail, blooming Goddess! Thou propitious Pow'r,

Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life implore.
With so much Lustre your bright Loops endear,
Such Graces in your Heavinly Eyes appear,
Where those appear.
That Cottages are Courts when you are there.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown.
With just Resentments and Contempt you see
The mean Dissentions of the Faculty;

How fick'ning Physick hangs her pensive Head,
And what was once a Science, now's a Trade.

Her Son's ne'er riste her Mysterious Store,
But study Nature less, and Lucre more.

I show'd of old, how vital Currents glide,
And the Meanders of their refluent Tide.
Then, Willis, why spontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions there:
And how the Spirits, by Mechanick Laws,
In wild Careers, tumultuous Riots cause.
Nor wou'd our Wharton, Ent, and Glisson lye
In the Abyss of blind Obscurity.
But now such wond'rous Searches are forborn,
And Paan's Art is by Divisions torn.
Then let your Charge attend, and I'll explain

Les tost Health your science
How Physick her lost Lustre may regain.

Haste, and the matchless Atticus Address, From Heav'n, and great Nassau he has the Mace. Th' oppress'd to his Asylum still repair; Arts he supports, and Learning is his care. He foftens the harsh rigour of the Laws, Blunts their keen Edge, and cuts their Harpy Claws; And graciously he casts a pitying Eye On the fad state of virtuous Poverty. When-e'er he speaks, Heav'ns! how the list'ning Dwells on the melting Musick of his Tongue. His Arguments are th' Emblems of his Mien, Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' ferene; And when the Pow'r of Eloquence He'd try, Here, Lightning strikes you; there, soft Breezes sigh.

To him you must your sickly State refer, Your Charter claims him as your Visiter. Your Wounds he'll close, and sov'reignly restore Your Science to the height it had before.

Then Nassau's Health shall be your glorious Aim,
His Life shou'd be as lasting as His Fame.
Some Princes Claims from Devastations spring,
He condescends in pity to be King:
And when, amidst his Olives plac'd, He stands,
And governs more by Candour than Commands:
Ev'n then not less a Heroe he appears,

Than when his Laurel Diadem he wears.

Wou'd but Apollo some great Bard inspire

Their With sacred veh'mence of Poetick Fire;

To celebrate in Song that God-like Pow'r,

Which did the lab'ring Universe restore;

Fair Albion's Cliss wou'd Eccho to the Strain,

And praise the Arm that Conquer'd, to regain

The Earth's Repose, and Empire o'er the Main.

Still may th' immortal Man his Cares repeat;
To make his Blessings endless as they're great:
Whilst Malice and Ingratitude confess
They've strove for Ruin long without success.

Had some sam'd Heroe of the Latin Blood,
Like Julius Great, and like Octavius Good,
But thus preserv'd the Latian Liberties,

Aspiring Columns soon had reach'd the Skies:
Loud Joir & proud Capitol Rad.
And whilst the Capitol with Io's shook,

And all The Statues of the Guardian Gods had spoke.

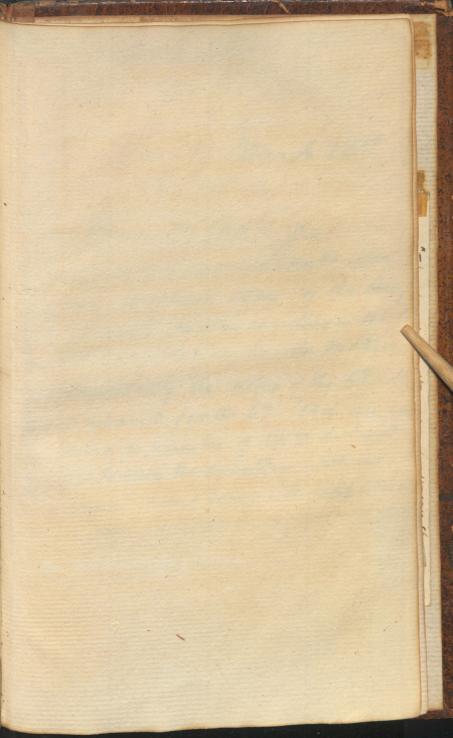
No more the Sage his Raptures cou'd pursue:

He paus'd; and Celsus with his Guide withdrew.

To relebine in Sons char Godding Low'r,

FINIS.

And praise she Arm that Conquer's to regain



19, RANDOLPH ROAD, March 20th 1923. MAIDA HILL, W.9. Dear De Cushing, Thanks for Jours of the g. I Still have The anthoris copy of the Dispensary. Thave carefully compared It with farth's writing in the 13.m. one or two of the names I think he has filled in, but the buck is in the hand go secretary. It is un -Doubtedy the copy of the 5th Edu with additions and Excisions hrefared for the 6th. "Ad amassim convenit cum exemplo." I have also a number of Edm but ust the first. Sam taking my old medical forks into the country with me. how when you next come oner, you must come down to appliance, theut, where I am foring and for shall

look them over and take what you like at Jour own krice. 19, RANDOLPH ROAD, MAIDA HILL, W.S. You steak of Osler, I had a great liking for him and min lim still. We were friends and it is difficult to make a close friend when you are fast 60. With all kind lem Embrauces po Lincerely, F. William Cock. will addetion and Excercin In frost from techning my old med as I were I am from g and you deless

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Author Garth, Sir S.
The dispensary.
5th ed. 1703.

Call no.

horid 13. NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD. Most interesting - do. give us a note in the all. Me Distenson at me fin melings Accession no. HC Author Garth, Sir S. The dispensary. 5th ed. 1703. Call no. 17th CENT.



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Maila Hill

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28th. 13, NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD.

Thanks. In very unlittely the or Francis Sumand who at that dale. was a distrigued physiciam a Scholar. Ply to Bank &c. There went have been another 15 - un cestalogen de it is his Decemblum a haberles. 2 vols of russ only to I have Let me have the share my, In who are In . did they opher. I will wolch the ballot loves & bring up my freuds in batches, like the america repealed

Accession no. HC

Author Garth, Sir S. The dispensary. 5th ed. 1703.

Call no.





- Coll Sy 19 Naudolph Rd Maida Hll

Accession no. HC

Author Garth, Sir S.
The dispensary.
5th ed. 1703.

Call no.

2006-13, NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD. Who was the Hopos whe of the Dispensory - C. Barnard? & 1 20 have in any notes on him & he is said the the C.B. Sugar of Barts - but I think with the 2) Have you a share copy your thistory of butried of amesthis who curpe i was I the same as what you sent me from the fr of aux. M. Habit Accession no. HC Author Garth, Sir S. The dispensary. 5th ed. 1703. Call no. 17th CENT.

and all - hin i does me flew um whi. Igh. Durcy cutalyne . his Then art-all beauty craft thursday J." I do not always get line to In me & so check! - 20 godingh him

